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SUNDAY SCHOOL

SERVICE AND HYMN BOOK

ARRANGED BY THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL COMMITTEE

OF THE

DIOCESE OF OHIO

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY
Church Publishers
1870

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RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:

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PREFACE.

THE Sunday School Committee of the Diocese of Ohio, under the sanction of the Bishops, present the following Service and Hymn Book.

The Liturgy is set forth by the Bishops. It is brief, capable of variation, and adapted to the Church seasons.

The Hymns have been selected by the Committee from among those which have proved generally most useful and acceptable; a few original hymns being introduced.

As the cost of purchasing copyrights of tunes, and printing the music, would have placed the book beyond the means of most of our Sunday Schools, the Committee have been content with naming the tune adapted to each hymn, and the book in which it will be found.

The first four books named on the next page will supply the greater part of the music needed.

For the Committee,

FREDERICK BROOKS, *Secretary*.

AUGUST, 1870.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TUNE BOOKS NEEDED.

NAMED IN THE ORDER OF THEIR IMPORTANCE.

PARISH HYMNAL.
S. S. CHANT AND TUNE BOOK.
HOLLISTER'S SERVICE AND TUNE BOOK
GOODRICH'S SERVICE AND TUNE BOOK.
S. S. BELL.
SABBATH SONGS.
HAPPY VOICES.
ORIOLA.
S. S. HOSANNA.

The above tune books are sold by the Publishers, and by all the principal booksellers.

A few Christmas and Easter Hymns, requiring special music, are inserted for festival occasions.

The opening and closing services of this book can be obtained on separate cards, at $1.50 per hundred.

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OPENING OF SCHOOL.

HYMN.

(All standing.)

THIS is the day which the Lord hath made.
Let us rejoice and be glad in it.
Praise ye the Lord.
The Lord's name be praised.

A CHANT, [page 29], or portion of the PSALTER.

(Sung or said.)

GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.
The Lord be with you.
And with thy spirit.
Let us pray.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(All kneeling.)

Our Father who art in Heaven; Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses; As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.
O Lord, show thy mercy upon us.
And grant us thy salvation.

O Lord, save our rulers.
And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee.
Endue thy ministers with righteousness.
And make thy chosen people joyful.
O Lord, save thy people.
And bless thine inheritance.
Show thy servants thy work.
And their children thy glory.
O God, make clean our hearts within us.
And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

PRAYER.

Our Saviour, who didst say, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," graciously hear our prayer. We have erred and strayed like lost sheep: forgive us, we beseech Thee. So teach us by the Holy Spirit, that we shall wander no more; and so keep us, by thy grace, that we may be ever steadfast in thy faith, and fear, and love. Lighten our darkness, that we may know how to follow thy holy example. Guide our study of thy Word, making it a lamp to our feet, and a light unto our path. May each one in our school to-day become wise unto salvation; through thy merits, O blessed Jesus, who, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, art one God, world without end. *Amen.*

[Or, one of the Collects on p. 11; or, the Litany, p. 14.]

THE COLLECT FOR THE DAY.

Amen.

A LESSON FROM HOLY SCRIPTURE.

(*Scholars seated.*)

Or RESPONSIVE READING.[1]

(*All standing.*)

[The Sunday School Lesson for the day; or the Epistle; or the Gospel; or the Ten Commandments with responses (recited — all kneeling); or Scripture extracts read responsively.]

[1] See pages 16 — 29.

CLOSING OF SCHOOL.

HYMN.

(All standing.)

THE CREED.

(All standing.)

I BELIEVE in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell, The third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into Heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

The Law was given by Moses.
But grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.
Who is God over all blessed for evermore!
Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!

GLORIA PATRI

(Sung or said.)

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Let us pray.

PRAYER.

(*All kneeling.*)

Grant, O Lord, we beseech Thee, that the words, which we have heard this day with our outward ears, may be so grafted inwardly in our hearts, that we may bring forth the fruit of holy living, to thy honor and glory.

We praise Thee for thy loving kindness, O God! May we show forth our gratitude not only with our lips, but in our lives.

We beseech Thee to bless our parents, our pastor, and our teachers. Bless all who are near and dear to us: and our enemies if we have any: and visit them with thy salvation. Be gracious to the poor, the sick, and the sorrowful; and help us to be merciful, as our Father who is in heaven is merciful. Pour out of thy Spirit upon all people. Comfort and help all missionaries of the Gospel; and so prosper their labors that all sorts and conditions of men may speedily be brought into thy kingdom. Keep us ever among thy faithful children, we beseech Thee; and make us to be numbered with thy saints in glory everlasting, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

[Or, one of the Collects on p. 11.]

THE BLESSING.

(*All kneeling.*)

The Lord bless you and keep you!

The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you!

The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace, both now and evermore!

Amen.

ADDITIONAL COLLECTS.

For a blessing on our studies.

O God, the Holy Ghost, our Teacher and Guide, help us in studying the Holy Scripture, this day. Grant that we may receive, with humble and serious hearts, the instructions of thy Word. May we have strength to resist the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil; and being ever guided by the lessons of thy Truth, and assisted by thy heavenly grace, may we walk in the way of thy commandments, through the merits and mercies of Jesus Christ, our blessed Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

For Grace.

Blessed Jesus, who didst take little children in thine arms and bless them; look down, we pray thee, upon us, the lambs of thy flock. Take us into thy care and keeping. Make us thine own children by adoption and grace. Write thou our names in thy Book of Life. Thou hast said, *I love them that love me: and they that seek me early shall find me.* O, make us to love Thee. Incline our hearts, early, to seek Thee. Help us to feel that Thou didst die to save us from our sins. Being justified by thy blood, may we be saved from wrath through Thee, O gracious Saviour. And to Thee, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be glory both now and forever. *Amen.*

For our Parents.

O God, our heavenly Father, bless our dear parents, and our guardians and teachers. As Thou hast taught us to honor them, give us grace to obey them in all things, to love and to succor them, and obediently to follow them whilst they lead us into the service of thy dear Son. Bless them in their bodies and their souls. Bless them in their basket and their store. Bless them with thy grace, and make them partakers of thy heavenly kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

For our Pastor.

O Holy Jesus, who in thy Church hast set over us the ministers of thy Word, look with mercy, we pray Thee, upon our dear Pastor. We thank Thee for his watchful care over us. Strengthen him for his work, so that being able, both in body and soul, he may nourish and build us up in our most holy faith. And on our Bishop we pray Thee pour the abundance of thy grace, that both by word and good example he may glorify thy name. Refresh all thy Ministers with the dew of thy blessing, so that thy heritage everywhere may rejoice in the fullness of the tidings of thy great salvation. We ask it for the honor of thy name, O Saviour, who art with the Father and the Holy Spirit, one God, forever and ever. *Amen.*

For Missions.

O Lord, who at thy first coming didst send thy messenger to prepare thy way before Thee, grant that all ministers of thy Word may so preach that word as to make ready a people for thy service. As Thou hast taught us, we pray, "O Lord of the harvest, send forth laborers into thy harvest." Have mercy on the heathen, and on all who have not heard the Gospel at home or abroad. Let the light of thy truth shine among all people. Give us loving hearts to care for those who have not the blessings of Christ's religion, which we enjoy. Comfort and help our Missionaries. Guide them by wisdom from on high. Sustain them by the power of thy grace. [Accept these offerings of our money, *and our work*, to aid their labors], and receive these our prayers for the extension of thy kingdom and Church, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Saviour. *Amen.*

Thanksgiving for the Church.

O Thou good Shepherd, who takest the lambs in thine arms, and carriest them in thy bosom, we yield Thee

hearty thanks that it hath pleased Thee to receive us for thine own children by adoption, and to incorporate us into thy Holy Church. Give us grace ever to remember our Baptismal covenant with Thee; to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil; to believe all the articles of the Christian faith; and obediently to keep thy holy Will and Commandments. Help us faithfully to use the privileges of thy Church, and to love thy ordinances; that so our feet may be kept from the paths of the destroyer, and we may continue thy faithful soldiers and servants unto our lives' end. Hear us, O loving Lord and Master, for thy name's sake. *Amen.*

Before Church.

O Almighty and ever-present Lord, who, by the mouth of thy holy Apostle, has taught us not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, prepare our hearts to enjoy the services of thy Church. May we love the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth. May we enter thy gates with thanksgiving, and into thy courts with praise. Keep us from sleepiness and wandering thoughts. May we listen to our duty with honest hearts, in order to practice it. Give us grace to bear in mind that "Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever." And may the words of our mouth, and the meditation of our heart, be alway acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer. *Amen.*

For closing School.

Blessed Lord, who hast caused all Holy Scripture to be written for our learning, grant that the words which we have now heard with our outward ears, may be grafted inwardly in our hearts. May we learn to love Thee, our God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent. May we desire to know nothing but that which will lead us to reverence thy Name, to believe thy Gospel, and to follow thy will. Shut Thou our ears,

during all this week, against all words which may hurt us. Guard our minds against all thoughts which may offend thy purity and holiness. Set a watch, O Lord, about our mouths, and keep the door of our lips, that we transgress not with our tongues. Remembering what we have learned to-day, and praying each day for thy grace, may we strive to follow our blessed Saviour's example in all things. We ask these mercies for His sake, who is, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

A LITANY.

(*For use with the prayers of the opening service, if desired.*)

O God, our Father in Heaven,
Have mercy upon us.

O God, the Son, the Saviour of the world,
Have mercy upon us.

O God, the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth all the people of God,
Have mercy upon us.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, Father, Saviour, Sanctifier, Three Persons and one God,
Have mercy upon us.

Remember not, Lord, our offences; but spare thy children, whom Thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood,
Spare us, good Lord.

From all dangers, both of soul and body, from our spiritual enemy, and from everlasting death,
Good Lord, deliver us.

By thy Birth and holy Childhood; by thy Baptism and Temptation; by thy Cross and Suffering; by thy Resurrection and Ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost,
Good Lord, deliver us.

In all time of trouble or joy; in the hour of death; and in the day of judgment;

Good Lord, deliver us.

We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord God; and that it may please Thee to bless our Church and Sunday School,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to bless our Bishop and our Pastor, and to endue them with thy Heavenly Grace,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to send forth laborers into thy harvest, and to enlarge the bounds of thy kingdom,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to give us an heart to love and fear Thee, and to live according to all thy commandments,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to give us thy grace to study thy Word, and to bring forth the fruits of good living,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to forgive our enemies, and to turn their hearts,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please Thee to give us true repentance, to forgive us all our sins, and to make us thy faithful soldiers and servants unto our lives' end,

We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.

Son of God, we beseech Thee to hear us,

Son of God, we beseech Thee to hear us.

O Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world,

Grant us thy peace.

O Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world,

Have mercy upon us.

RESPONSIVE READING.

FOR FIRST SUNDAY IN THE MONTH.

Wisdom.

SUPERINTENDENT. My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments;

CHILDREN. *For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.*

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee;

Bind them about thy neck, write them upon the table of thine heart.

So shalt thou find favor and good understanding

In the sight of God and man.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding.

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,

And the man that getteth understanding.

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,

And the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies;

And all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand,

And in her left hand riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,

And all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her;

And happy is every one that retaineth her.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

SECOND SUNDAY.

Invitation.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;
And he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat.
Yea, come, buy wine and milk,
Without money and without price.
Incline your ear, and come unto me.
Hear, and your soul shall live.
And I will make an everlasting covenant with you,
Even the sure mercies of David.
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,
And let him that heareth say, Come,
Let him that is athirst come,
And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.
Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden;
And I will give you rest.
Take my yoke upon you and learn of me;
For I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.
All that the Father giveth me shall come to me;
And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.
Jesus said, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again;
But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst;
But the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water
Springing up into everlasting life.
Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved;
For beside me there is no Saviour.
Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour,
To give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

THIRD SUNDAY.

Salvation.

Jesus saith, I am the way, the truth, and the life.

No man cometh unto the Father but by me.

The law was given by Moses;

But grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

Jesus said, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

By me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture.

For there is none other name under heaven given among men,

Whereby we must be saved.

Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son;

That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

To Him give all the prophets witness,

That, through his name, whosoever believeth in Him, shall receive remission of sins.

Thou hast given Him power over all flesh;

That He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him.

Wherefore He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him,

Seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.

This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life,

And this life is in his Son.

He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life;

But he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

The New Life.

If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature;
Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.
There is, therefore, now no condemnation,
To them that are in Christ Jesus.
Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.
The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep our hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.
Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven,
And whose sin is covered.
Surely he shall not be moved forever.
The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.
Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him.
All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth, to such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.
Blessed is the man whom thou choosest and causest to approach unto Thee, that he may dwell in thy courts.
He shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.
And who is he that shall harm you,
If ye be followers of that which is good?
The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid?
Happy are the people that are in such a case;
Yea, happy are the people whose God is the Lord.
For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory;
And no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

FIFTH SUNDAY.

Prayer.

Ask, and it shall be given you;

Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.

For every one that asketh, receiveth;

And he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him;

To all that call on Him in truth.

He will fulfill the desire of them that fear Him;

He will also hear their cry, and will save them.

All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

What profit should we have, if we pray unto Him?

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and bring him to honor.

Call upon me in the day of trouble.

I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them;

And delivereth them out of all their troubles.

If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask;

It shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.

Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord, shall be saved.

The Lord is rich in mercy to all that call on Him.

For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek.

For the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READING FOR SEASON OF ADVENT.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord ;

Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given.

And the government shall be upon his shoulders.

And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God,

The everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people ; for unto you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.

For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God.

I saw in the night visions, and behold, One like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven,

And came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before him,

And there was given him dominion and glory and a kingdom ;

That all people, nations, and languages, should serve him.

His dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away.

And his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.

Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness,

And let us put on the armor of light.

Blessed is that servant,

Whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

CHRISTMAS.

The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee.
The fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box, together.
To beautify the place of my sanctuary.
To make the place of my feet glorious.
The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us;
And we beheld His glory,
The glory as of the only begotten of the Father,
Full of grace and truth.
Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion;
Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem;
Behold, thy King cometh unto thee;
He is just, and having salvation.
Thou shalt call his name Immanuel,
Which, being interpreted, is, God with us.
And there were in the same country shepherds, abiding in the field,
Keeping watch over their flocks by night.
And, lo! the Angel of the Lord came upon them,
And the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.
And the Angel said unto them: Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy,
For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.
And suddenly there was with the Angel
A multitude of the heavenly Host, praising God and saying,
Glory to God in the Highest;
And on earth, peace, good will toward men.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

EPIPHANY.

And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse,
Which shall stand for an ensign of the people.
To it shall the Gentiles seek;
And his rest shall be glorious.

Be it known, therefore, unto you that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and that they will hear it;

To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

That they may receive forgiveness of sins,

And inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse;

And a branch shall grow out of his roots.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins;

And faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb;

And the leopard shall lie down with the kid;

And the calf and the young lion and the fatling together;

And a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed;

Their young ones shall lie down together.

And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain.

For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

LENT.

Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil.

And when He had fasted forty days and forty nights, He was afterwards an hungered.

And when the tempter came to him, he said,

If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread.

But He answered and said, It is written, man shall not live by bread alone,

But by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

Is not this the fast that I have chosen?

To loose the bands of wickedness;

To undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?

Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry?

And that thou bring the poor that is cast out to thy house?

When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him?

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning;

And thine health shall spring forth speedily;

And thy righteousness shall go before thee;

The glory of the Lord shall be thy rere-ward.

Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer.

Thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

PASSION WEEK.

And when they were come to a place called Calvary,

There they crucified Him and the malefactors.

And they parted his raiment,

Casting lots what every man should take.

And the sun was darkened,

And the vail of the temple was rent in the midst.

And He said, "It is finished;"

And He bowed his head and gave up the ghost.

Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world!

The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.

Surely He hath borne our griefs;

And carried our sorrows;

He was wounded for our transgressions;

He was bruised for our iniquities.

Let this mind be in you,

Which was also in Christ Jesus.

He humbled himself and became obedient unto death,

Even the death of the Cross.

And they that are Christ's

Have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

Who are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?

These are they which have come out of great tribulation,

And have washed their robes,

And made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

EASTER.

And very early in the morning, the first day of the week;

They came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

And they said among themselves;

Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?

And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away,

For it was very great.

And entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment,

And they were affrighted.

And he said unto them, Be not affrighted, ye seek Jesus of Nazareth which was crucified;

He is risen, He is not here, behold the place where they laid Him.

But go your way, tell his disciples, and Peter, that He goeth before you into Galilee.

There shall ye see Him as He said unto you.

Now is Christ risen from the dead;

And become the first-fruits of them that slept.

For since by man came death,

By man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die,

Even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

And as we have borne the image of the earthy,
We shall also bear the image of the heavenly.
Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory
Through our Lord Jesus Christ.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

ASCENSION.

What and if ye shall see the Son of man ascend up where He was before?

No man hath ascended up to heaven, but He that came down from heaven, *even the Son of man, which is in heaven.*

When Jesus had spoken these things, while they beheld,

He was taken up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

Who is gone into heaven and is on the right hand of God;

Angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto Him.

He was received up into heaven,

And sat on the right hand of God.

Wherefore He saith, when He ascended up on high,

He led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men.

That ye may know what is the hope of his calling,

And what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints;

And what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe.

According to the working of his mighty power which He wrought in Christ;

When He raised Him from the dead, and set Him at his own right hand in heavenly places.

To Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.

Glory be to the Father, etc.

WHITSUNDAY.

And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God;
I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh;
And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy;
And your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.
And on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out, in those days of my Spirit;
And they shall prophesy.
And when the day of Pentecost was fully come,
They were all with one accord in one place.
And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind;
And it filled all the house where they were sitting.
And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire;
And it sat upon each of them.
And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost;
And began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.
When the Comforter is come,
Whom I will send unto you from the Father,
Even the Spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father,
He shall teach you all things,
And bring all things to your remembrance,
Whatsoever I have said unto you.
Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God,
Whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.
The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace,
Long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.
As many as are led by the Spirit of God,
They are the sons of God.
Glory be to the Father, etc.

TRINITY.

Hear, O Israel!

The Lord our God is One Lord.

In the beginning was the Word,

And the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him.

And saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

And John bare record, saying,

I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying,

All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations,

Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The Father of Whom are all things,

And we in Him:

Jesus Christ by Whom are all things,

And we by Him:

The Holy Ghost Who dwelleth with you,

And shall be in you.

Stephen, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God.

And said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all.

Amen.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

CHANTS AND HYMNS

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOL USE.

CHANTS AND CANTICLES.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

1 { O COME, let us sing un- | to the | Lord,
Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2 { Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving,
And show ourselves | glad in | Him with | psalms.

3 { For the Lord is a | great | God,
And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

4 { In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth,
And the strength of the | hills is | his | also.

5 { The sea is his, | and He | made it,
And his hands pre- | pared the | dry | land.

6 { O come let us worship | and fall | down,
And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 { For He is the | Lord our | God,
And we are the people of his pasture, | and the | sheep of his | hand.

8 { O worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness.
Let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | Him.

9 { For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge the | earth,
And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

{ Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,
World | without | end. | A- | men.

JUBILATE DEO.

1 O BE joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands:
Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lord | He is | God;
It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves, we are his people | and the | sheep of his | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise;
Be thankful unto Him and speak | good | of his | Name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever- | lasting,
And his truth endureth from gener- | ation to | gener- | ation.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,
World | without | end. | A- | men.

BENEDICTUS.

1 BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel,
For He hath visited | and re- | deemed his | people.

2 And hath raised up a mighty sal- | vation | for us,
In the house | of his | servant | David.

3 As He spake by the mouth of his | holy | prophets,
Which have been | since the | world be- | gan.

4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies,
And from the | hand of | all that | hate us.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now and | ever shall | be,
World | without | end. A- | men.

CANTATE DOMINO.

1 O SING unto the Lord a | new | song,
For He hath | done | marvellous | things.

2 With his own right hand, and with his | holy | arm,
Hath He | gotten him- | self the | victory.

3 The Lord declared | his sal- | vation,
His righteousness hath He openly showed | in the | sight of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel;
And all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | vation | of our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands,
Sing, re- | joice, | and give | thanks.

6 Praise the Lord up- | on the | harp;
Sing to the harp with a | psalm | of thanks- | giving.

7 With trumpets | also and | shawms;
O show yourselves joyful be- | fore the | Lord the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein | is;
The round world, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the | Lord;
For He | cometh to | judge the | earth.

10 With righteousness shall He | judge the | world,
And the | people | with | equity.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,
World | without | end. | A- | men.

BONUM EST CONFITERI.

1 It is a good thing to give thanks un- | to the | Lord,
And to sing praises unto thy |name,| O Most |Highest.

2 To tell of thy loving-kindness early | in the | morning,
And of thy truth | in the | night | season.

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | lute,
Upon a loud instrument | and up- | on the | harp.

4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | works,
And I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope- | rations | of thy | hands.

Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,
World | without | end. A - | men.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

1 God be merciful unto | us, and | bless us;
And show us the light of his countenance, and be | merciful | unto | us;

2 That thy way may be | known upon | earth,
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people praise | Thee, O | God:
Yea, let | all the | people | praise Thee.

4 { O, let the nations re- | joice, and be | glad;
For Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.

5 { Let the people praise | Thee, O | God;
Yea, let | all the | people | praise Thee.

6 { Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase;
And God, even our own | God, shall | give us his | blessing.

7 { God | shall | bless us?
And all the ends of the | world shall | fear | Him.

{ Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

{ As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,
World with- | out end. | A- | men.

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

1 { Praise the Lord, | O my | soul,
And all that is within me | praise his | holy | Name.

2 { Praise the Lord | O my | soul,
And for- | get not | all his | benefits.

3 { Who forgiveth | all thy | sin,
And | healeth | all thine in- | firmities.

4 { Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction,
And crowneth thee with | mercy and | loving- | kindness.

5 { O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that excel in | strength,
Ye that fulfill his commandment and hearken unto the | voice | of his | word.

6 { O praise the Lord all | ye his | hosts,
Ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

7 { O speak good of the Lord all ye works of his, in all places of | his do- | minion;
Praise thou the | Lord | O my | soul.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,
World with- | out end. | A- | men.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

1 Glory be to | God on | high,
And on earth | peace, good | will towards | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee,
We glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | thy great | glory.

3 O Lord God, | heav'nly | King,
God the | Father | Al- | mighty.

4 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ,
O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father.

5 That takest away the | sins of the | world,
Have mercy | upon | us.

6 Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world,
Have mercy | upon | us.

7 Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world,
Re- | ceive our | prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father,
Have mercy | upon | us.

9 For thou | only art | holy,
Thou | only | art the | Lord.

10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost,
Art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father.
Amen.

PSALM 8. DOMINE, DOMINUS NOSTER.

1 O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is thy name in | all the | world:
Thou that hast set thy | glory a- | bove the | heavens!

2 Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings, hast Thou ordained strength, because | of thine | enemies:
That Thou mightest still the enemy | and | the a- | venger.

3 For I will consider thy heavens, even the works | of thy | fingers;
The moon and the stars | which Thou | hast or- | dained.

4 What is man, that Thou art | mindful of | him;
And the son of man, | that Thou | visitest | him?

5 Thou madest him lower | than the | angels:
To crown him with | glo- | ry and | worship.

6 Thou makest him to have dominion of the | works of thy | hands;
And Thou hast put all things in sub- | jection | under his | feet:

7 All | sheep and | oxen,
Yea, and the | beasts | of the | field;

8 The fowls of the air, and the fishes | of the | sea;
And whatsoever walketh | through the | paths of the | sea.

9 O Lord, | our | Governor:
How excellent is thy | name in | all the | world!

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be;
World | without end. A- | men.

PSALM 23. DOMINUS REGIT ME.

1 The Lord | is my | Shepherd,
Therefore | can I | lack | nothing.

2 He shall feed me in a | green | pasture,
And lead me forth be- | side the | waters of | comfort.

3 He shall con- | vert my | soul,
And bring me forth in the paths of righteousness | for his | name's | sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil,
For Thou art with me, thy rod and thy | staff | comfort | me.

5 Thou shalt prepare a table before me against | them that | trouble me,
Thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my | cup | shall be | full.

6 But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of my | life,
And I will dwell in the | house of the | Lord for- | ever.

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost,

As it was in the 'beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,
World | without | end. A- | men.

PSALM 121. LEVAVI OCULOS MEOS.

1 I WILL lift up mine eyes un- | to the | hills;
From | whence | cometh my | help.

2 My help cometh even | from the | Lord;
Who hath | made | heaven and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot | to be | moved;
And He that | keepeth thee | will not | sleep.

4 Behold, He that keepeth | Isra- | el
Shall | neither | slumber nor | sleep.

5 The Lord himself | is thy | Keeper;
The Lord is thy defence up- | on thy | right | hand.

6 So that the sun shall not burn | thee by | day;
Neither the | moon | by | night.

7 { The Lord shall preserve thee | from all | evil;
Yea, it is even He | that shall | keep thy | soul.

8 { The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy | coming | in;
From this time | forth for | ever- | more.

{ Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son:
And | to the | Holy | Ghost:

{ As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be,
World | without | end. A- | men.

I. HYMNS FOR INFANT SCHOOLS.

MORNING HYMNS.

1 Peculiar.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 45; or in *Young Christian Soldier*, for June, 1869

FATHER in heaven,
All through the night
I have been resting
Safe in thy sight;
Father, I thank Thee, —
Bless me, I pray,
Bless me and keep me
All through the day.

2 Make me like sunshine,
Happy and bright,
Speaking no cross word,
Bringing delight.
Truthful and humble,
Quick to obey,
If I would please Thee,
That is the way.

3 Help me to please Thee, —
Teach me to be
Gentle and loving:
Smile upon me.
Though I am little
Make me be good,
Doing my best as
Little ones should.

2 C. M.

Music in Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 65; *Sabbath Songs*, p. 57.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Hath waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own,
Thy love alone,
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

3 O, make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

3 III. 1. 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 7.

JESUS, holy, undefiled,
Listen to a little child;
Thou hast sent the glorious light
Chasing far the silent night.

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of thine;
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

3 Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gayly in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise
In the early songs they raise.

4 Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.

5 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

6 Help me never to forget
That in thy great book is set
All that children think and say,
For the awful Judgment Day.

7 Let me never say a word
That will make Thee angry, Lord;
Help me so to live in love,
As thine angels do above.

8 Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day;
And when Thou at last shall come,
Take me to thy heavenly home.

EVENING HYMN.

4 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 68.

JESUS! tender Shepherd, hear me!
Bless thy little lamb to-night!
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

2 All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven!
Bless the friends I love so well!
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

5 C. M.

Music in Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 65; *Sabbath Songs*, p. 57.

THE daylight fades,
The evening shades
Are gathering round my head;
Father above,
I own the love
That smooths and guards my bed

2 While Thou art near,
I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour;
Blest Jesus, still
From every ill
Defend me with thy power.

3 Pardon my sin,
And enter in
And sanctify my heart;
Spirit divine,
O! make me thine,
And ne'er from me depart.

To Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as
It was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

6 III. 1. 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 112.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;

Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

3 Let me, above all, fulfill
God my Heavenly Father's will;
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

5 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

6 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.

7 6s & 5s.

Music in *Happy Voices*, p. 142.

I'M a little pilgrim
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.
There's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

2 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes
And with Christ be seen.
Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me,
On my heavenly way.

III. 1. 7s.

Music in Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 116.

JESUS, Saviour, Son of God,
Who for me life's pathway trod,
Who for me became a child;
Make me humble, meek, and mild.

2 I thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Samuel was thy child of old,
Take me, too, within thy fold.

3 Teach me how to pray to Thee,
Make me holy, heavenly;
Let me love what Thou dost love,
Let me live alone with Thee.

9 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 128; *Sabbath Songs*, p. 55.

LITTLE children, come to Jesus;
Hear Him saying, Come to me:
Blessed Jesus, who, to save us,
Shed his blood on Calvary.
Little souls were made to serve Him;
All his holy law fulfill:
Little hearts were made to love Him;
Little hands to do his will.

2 Little eyes to read the Bible,
Given from the heavens above;
Little ears to hear the story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love;
Little tongues to sing his praises;
Little feet to walk his ways;
Little bodies to be temples
Where the Holy Spirit stays.

10 III. 1. 7s.

Music in *Golden Shower*, p. 68; *Happy Voices*, p. 105.

JESUS loves me: this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

2 Jesus loves me, He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me; He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

11 6s & 5s.

Music in Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 63; *S. S. Bell*, p. 92; Bishop Young's *Hymns for Children*, No. 26.

JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Infant praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak, and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee,
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

12 7s & 6s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 118; *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 112.

THERE'S a Friend for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend that never changes,
Whose love will never die:

Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour
And to his Father cry:
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free;
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

4 There's a crown for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory
Which He shall sure bestow,
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

5 There's a song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music
For their hymn of victory:
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

13 IV. 3. 11s & 9s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 126; *Parish Hymnal*, p. 166.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above;

4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
Full many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

6 And O, how I long for that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

14 II. 4.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 166; Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 121; *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 34.

WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke,
How much did he rejoice!
O blessed, happy child! to find
The God of heaven so near and kind.

2 If God would speak to me,
And say He was my Friend,
How happy should I be!
O, how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does He never speak?
O yes; for in his Word
He bids me come and seek
The God whom Samuel heard:
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I, beneath his care,
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed:
And every sin I may well fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read his Word,
"Speak, Lord: I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard:"
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

15 C. M.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 36.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,—
A holy, happy band,
Singing — Glory! glory!
Glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that cannot fade.
Singing — Glory! glory!
Glory be to God on high.

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love, —
How came those children there?
Singing — Glory! glory!
Glory be to God on high.

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Cleansed by that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.
Singing — Glory! glory!
Glory be to God on high.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see Him face to face,
And stand before the Lamb.
Singing — Glory! glory!
Glory be to God on high.

16 5s.

Music in *Sabbath Songs*, p. 83.

JESUS bids us shine,
With a clear pure light,
Like a little candle,
Burning in the night.
In the world is darkness,
So we must shine —
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it,
If our light is dim.
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine —
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine
Then for all around,
For many kinds of darkness
In the world are found —
Sin, and want, and sorrow;
So we must shine —
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

17 6s & 5s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 83.

DO no sinful action,
Speak no angry word:
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.
Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true,
And his little children
Must be holy too.

2 There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.
But ye must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

3 For ye promised truly,
In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
And forsake his ways.
Christ is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And his little children
Must be holy too.

18 6s & 5s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 82; Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 125; *Sabbath Songs*, p. 33.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land;

2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3 So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

19 IV. 3. 11s & 9s.

Music in *Happy Voices*, p. 185.

DON'T think there is nothing
For children to do,
Because they can't work like a man;
The harvest is great
And the laborers few:
Then, children, do all that you can.

CHORUS.

Children, do all that you can;
Children, do all that you can;
The harvest is great
And the laborers few:
Then, children, do all that you can.

2 You think, if great riches
You had at command,
Your zeal should no weariness know;
You'd scatter your wealth
With a liberal hand,
And succor the children of woe.
CHORUS. — Children, do all, etc.

3 But what if you've naught
But a penny to give?
Then give it, though scanty your store;
For those who give nothing
When little they have,
When wealthy will do little more.
CHORUS. — Children, do all, etc.

4 It was not the offering
Of pomp and of power,
It was not the golden bequest —
Ah no, 'twas the mite
From the hand of the poor
That Jesus applauded and blessed.
CHORUS. — Children, do all, etc.

5 Then don't be a sluggard
And live at your ease,
And life with vain pleasures beguile;
But ever be active
And busy as bees,
And God on your labors will smile.
CHORUS. — Children, do all, etc.

20

5s & 6s.

Music in *Sabbath Songs*, p. 127.

GOD intrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young and small
That they have not any.
Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.

2 Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.
Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers;
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

3 God intrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young and small
That they have not any.
God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given?

21 Peculiar.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 116.

THE fields are all white,
And the reapers are few —
We children are willing,
But what can we do,
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

2 Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others —
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

3 We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials —
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in his harvest.

4 Until, by and by,
As the years pass, at length
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in his harvest.

22 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 114.

LITTLE hearts, O Lord, may love Thee;
Little minds may learn thy ways;
Little hands and feet may serve Thee;
Little voices sing thy praise:
Holy Jesus, come and bless us,
Bless us while this hymn we raise.

2 Lo! the Lord's day comes to cheer us;
Truth and love our teachers bring;
Great Redeemer! be Thou near us,
Make us grateful while we sing:
Loving Jesus, come and bless us,
Guard our weakness 'neath thy wing.

3 Little ones, we stand before Thee,
Better may we yearly grow;
Help us ever to adore Thee,
All through life thy grace to show;
Then, O Jesus, come and bless us,
Take us home from all below.

23 Peculiar.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 88.

HERE we throng to praise the Lord;
Listen now, listen now:
Here we throng to praise the Lord,
With our infant lays.
He who once lay in a manger,
Now enthroned, our blest Redeemer,
With a father's love has said,
He'd accept our praise.

2 "Let young children come to me,"
Jesus said, Jesus said;
"Let young children come to me,
And forbid them not—
For of such," the Saviour told them,
"Is composed the heavenly kingdom."
What a rapturous thought it is,
Christ forgets us not!

II. GENERAL HYMNS.

I. SCRIPTURES.

24 IV. 3.

Music in *Oriola*, p. 189.

THANK God for the Bible! 'tis there that we find
The story of Christ and his love, —
How He came down to earth from his beautiful home,
In the mansions of glory above;
Thanks to Him we will bring,
Praise to Him we will sing.
For He came down to earth, etc.

2 While He lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind,
And to mourners his blessings were given;
And He said, Let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Jesus calls *us* to come,
He's prepared us a home.
For He said, Let the little ones come, etc.

3 In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there He's prepared us a home.
Jesus calls, shall we stay?
No! we'll gladly obey.
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band, etc.

4 Thank God for the Bible! its truths o'er the earth
We'll scatter with a bountiful hand,

But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
Till we go to that beautiful land.
There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we'll sing,
And its worth we can tell, when with Jesus we dwell,
In heaven — that beautiful land.

II. CREATION.

25 ### IV. 3.

Music, "Thank God for the Bible," *Oriola*, p. 189.

THANK God for the flowers, now springing to birth
In beauty so wild and so gay!
For they lift up their sweet smiling eyes from the earth,
And seem in their gladness to say: —
"See! the winter is o'er;
We have come back once more;
For the sweet breath of Spring calls us out from the earth,
And the winter has all passed away!"

2 They toil not, they spin not; and yet in his pride
No monarch has robes half so fair;
For God does their garments of beauty provide,
And keeps them with tenderest care.
And they seem to rejoice
While they lift up their voice
To tell us how God in his goodness provides,
And keeps them with tenderest care.

3. While Winter went forth in his storms and his strife,
They slumbered beneath the cold sod;
But now from their graves into newness of life
They rise at the call of their God.
In their garments of light
They burst forth on the sight;
For they've come from their graves into newness of life,
Awaked at the call of their God.

4 And O! when the winter of death shall draw near,
We'll lie down in confident trust;
And we'll wait till our Saviour again shall appear,
And bid us awake from the dust.
Then in glory we'll rise,
To our home in the skies,
For we wait till our Saviour again shall appear,
To bid us awake from the dust.

26 6s & 5s.

Music in *S. S. Bell*, 135; or *Sabbath Songs*, p. 63; Bp. Young's *Hymns for Children*, No. 81.

MORN amid the mountains,
Lovely solitude;
Gushing streams and fountains,
Murmur, "God is good!"

2 Now, the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo, "God is good."

3 Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood;
Songsters sweetly singing
Warble, "God is good."

4 Wake, and join the chorus,
Child, with soul endued;
God, whose smile is o'er us,
Evermore is good.

27 6s & 5s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 32; *S. S. Bell*, p. 92.

SEE the shining dew-drops,
On the flowers strewed,
Proving as they sparkle,
"God is ever good."

2 See the morning sunbeams,
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
"God is ever good."

3 Hear the mountain streamlet,
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying,
"God is ever good."

4 In the leafy tree-tops,
When no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
"God is ever good."

5 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude,
While all nature utters,
"God is ever good."

III. PROVIDENCE.

28 IV. 4. 11s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 18 or 65.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I!
So tender, so watchful, my wants to supply;
He daily supplies me with raiment and food,
Whate'er He denies me is meant for my good.

2 The Lord is my Shepherd, then I must obey
His gracious commandments, and walk in his way;
His fear He will teach me, my heart He'll renew;
Though I am so sinful, my sins He'll subdue.

3 The Lord is my Shepherd, how happy am I,
I'm blest while I live, and I'm blest when I die;
In death's gloomy valley no evil I'll dread,
For I will be with thee, my Shepherd has said.

4 The Lord is my Shepherd, shall still be my song,
Till He calls me to join in the heavenly throng;
To sing of his mercy, to bright harps of gold,
Forever and ever his glory behold.

29 S. M.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 121; Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 56.

I CANNOT see thy face,
O Thou that reign'st above;
But something of thy works I trace,
And know thy name is Love.

2 There's not a little flower
That blooms from out the sod,
But greets me with its smiling face,
And sweetly whispers "God!"

3 If thus thy love and care
O'er all thy works extend,
Wilt Thou not listen to my prayer,
And be to me a Friend?

4 Yes, every word of grace
In the Redeemer's name,
Assures me I may seek thy face,
And every blessing claim.

30 C. M.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 163.

THERE is a Friend more tender, true,
Than brother e'er can be,
Who when all others bid adieu,
Remains the last to flee;
CHORUS. — Who, be their pathway bright or dim,
Deserts not those who turn to Him.

2 He is the Friend who changes not,
In sickness or in health,
Whether on earth our transient lot
Be poverty or wealth;
CHORUS. — In joy or grief, contempt or fame,
To all who seek Him still the same.

31 C. M.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 127; *Oriola*, p. 190.

SHEPHERD of Israel, from above
Thy feeble flock behold;
And let us never lose thy love,
Nor wander from thy fold.

2 Thou wilt not cast thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near
To guide them, lest they go astray,
And keep them safe from fear.

3 Guide us through life; and when at last
We enter into rest,
Thy tender arms around us cast,
And fold us to thy breast.

32 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 32; *Narrative Hymns*, No. XIV.; *Oriola*, p. 92.

IN the pleasant, sunny meadows,
Where the buttercups are seen;
And the daisies' little shadows
Lie along the level green:

2 Flocks of quiet sheep are feeding,
Little lambs are playing near;
For the watchful shepherd leading,
Keeps them safe from harm and fear.

3 Christians are like sheep, abiding
In the Church's pasture free;
Jesus is our Shepherd guiding,
And the little lambs are we.

4 O sweet Shepherd, gently lead us,
Lest we fall or go astray;
With the Bread of Heaven O feed us,
That we faint not by the way.

33 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music, "To a Home beyond the Tide," *Oriola*, p. 98; *Golden Chain*, p. 87

WE are on life's ocean sailing,
And the storm is sometimes high,
Angry winds and waves prevailing,
While no guardian friend seems nigh.

CHORUS. — All the storm will soon be over,
Then we 'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide.

2 But, although unseen, He keepeth
Faithful watch, by day, by night,
His the eye that never sleepeth,
And no darkness dims his sight.

CHORUS. — All the storm, etc.

3 For a season He may try us,
But He never will forsake;
In the storm He'll still be nigh us,
Ready still our part to take.
CHORUS. — All the storm, etc.

4 Let us trust, nor ask a reason
Save our Heavenly Father's will,
Knowing in his own good season,
He will bid the storm be still.
CHORUS. — All the storm, etc.

34 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 45, or p. 107.

GOD shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

2 On the lion, vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hath set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.

4 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

REDEMPTION.

35 Peculiar.

Music, "The Beautiful Land," *Golden Chain*, p. 124.

'TIS wonderful love in Christ we see,
The love of God for you and me;
Love which shines free as the sun's bright rays,
And wonderful too in all its ways!

CHORUS. — Do you know? Do you know?
Know of this wonderful love to man?

Do you know? Do you know?
Know of this wonderful love?

2 This wonderful love to our fallen race,
Who can its measure fitly trace?
For down from his home the Saviour came,
To bleed and die on the cross of shame!
CHORUS. — Do you know? etc.

3 High as the heaven extends above,
So is the height of this great love;
The love which the Father hath bestowed,
That we should be called the Sons of God!
CHORUS. — Do you know? etc.

4 We are his children, away from home;
But soon our glorious Lord will come,
And we shall with Him forever prove
The heights and depths of his wondrous love!
CHORUS. — Do you know? etc.

36 8s & 7s.

Music, "Beale," *S. S. Hosanna*, p. 74.

THE name that was before his birth
To our Redeemer given,
Is both the dearest name on earth
And brightest one in heaven.
CHORUS. — We love to sing of Christ our King,
By the sweet name of Jesus;
And oft we'll raise his song of praise,
Who doth from sin release us.

2 Jesus was first the name of love,
With which the Father crowned Him;
And now, though throned in heaven above,
Its glories still surround Him.
CHORUS. — We love to sing of Christ our King, etc.

3 And when from heaven He shall come down,
And from the grave release us,
The brightest jewel in his crown
Will be the name of Jesus.
CHORUS. — We love to sing of Christ our King, etc.

4 Dear Lord! may we have each a part
In all thy love's rich treasure;
Write his dear name upon our heart,
And make thy will our pleasure.
CHORUS. — We love to sing of Christ our King, etc.

37 8s & 7s.

Music, "Shining Shore," *Happy Voices*, p. 200; *S. S. Bell*, p. 104

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name, before his wondrous birth,
To Christ the Saviour given.

CHORUS. — We love to sing around our King,
And hail Him "Blessed Jesus,"
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's Son they sealed Him;
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed Him.
CHORUS. — We love to sing, etc.

3 And when He hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above Him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.
CHORUS. — We love to sing, etc.

4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sins and pains, He gladly reigns
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.
CHORUS. — We love to sing, etc.

38 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Oriola*, p. 170.

ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;

His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled, in Him, to God.

3 When He lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of Sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

39 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Oriola*, p. 46; *Parish Hymnal*, p. 114.

THERE'S no other friend like Jesus,
None so faithful, none so true;
Though the waves break wildly o'er us,
He will guide us safely through;
Storms and tempests shrink before Him,
He can calm them at his will;
Jesus, calm our stormy passions
With thy wondrous "Peace, be still."

2 There's no other friend like Jesus,
He who died our souls to save;
He who dwelt on earth in meekness —
Healed, and pitied, and forgave.
Still He pities, still He loves us,
In his holy, happy home,
And with voice of gracious mercy,
Bids the wandering sinner, come!

3 There's no other friend like Jesus,
Holy angels, chant the song;
Sing his love and wondrous mercy;
Children, join the heavenly throng.

Raise the joyful, happy chorus,
Thank Him for his loving grace,
Let it be your happy portion
To proclaim the Saviour's praise.

40 C. M.

Music, "Coronation," *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 46.

O VERY great shall Jesus be,
And great the honors given
To his dear name on land and sea,
By all in earth and heaven.

2 Great in himself, and in the powers
That meet around his throne;
Great in the means by which He works
To make his glories known.

3 Great in the fullness of his love
That led Him here to die,
That He might bring to heaven above
Such guilty ones as I.

4 Dear Jesus! let thy greatness be
My soul's continual song;
Teach me to make my boast in Thee,
And in thy strength be strong.

41 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music, "I want to be an Angel," *Happy Voices*, p. 22.

WE thank Thee, blessed Saviour,
That Thou to us hast shown
This undeserved favor
That brings us near thy throne;
And wilt Thou now be near us,
And listen to our cry?
Yes, He has said He'll hear us
When we to Him draw nigh.

2 We know we're all unworthy
These tokens of thy love;
But was it not for sinners
Thou camest from above?

Thou wilt not then reject us
When we thus seek thy face?
No; thy word protects us,
With pledges of thy grace.

3 And, while thy word believing
We hasten to thy side;
We'll freely aid in giving
That word to all beside.
O! let the billows bear it,
The winds its news proclaim,
Till every nation share it
And glorify thy name.

42 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 104.

JESUS loves me, Jesus loves me;
He is always, always near:
If I try to please Him truly,
There is nought that I can fear.

2 Jesus loves me, — well I know it,
For to save my soul He died:
He for me bore pain and sorrow,
Nailéd hands and piercéd side.

3 Jesus loves me, — night and morning
Jesus hears the prayers I pray:
And He never, never leaves me,
When I work or when I play.

4 Jesus loves me, — and He watches
Over me with loving eye,
And He sends his holy angels,
Safe to keep me, till I die.

5 Jesus loves me, — O Lord Jesus,
Now I pray Thee by thy love,
Keep me ever pure and holy,
Till I come to Thee above!

43 S. M. Double.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 58; *Sabbath Songs*, p. 28.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child,
And followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
And saved the wandering one.

3 He spoke in tender love,
He raised my drooping head;
He gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul He fed.
He washed my filth away,
He made me clean and fair;
He brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

4 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in his blood,
'Twas He that made me whole.
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

5 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!

I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice;
I love, I love his home!

44 II. 6.

Music in *Silver Spray*, p. 67.

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave,
Remember! I'm the sinner,
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the old, old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

CHORUS. — Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

45 III. 5.

Music, "Vesper Hymn," *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 70.

HARK, a voice from heaven is stealing;
Listen, children, to its tone;
For its words of tender feeling,
You may claim them for your own.
"Come to Jesus,
Little children, come to me!"

2 Often have I heard the story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
How He left his throne of glory —
How He calls you from above:
"Come to Jesus,
Little children, come to me!"

3 He is waiting to receive you;
Come to Him without delay,
He will every blessing give you,
For you've often heard Him say,
"Come to Jesus,
Little children, come to me!"

4 Lord, we come, our sins confessing;
Grant us all thy pardoning grace,
Give us here a Father's blessing —
And in heaven to see thy face!
Blessed Jesus,
Teach us how to come to Thee!

46 II. 6.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 111; *Sabbath Songs*, p. 45.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accurséd load.

2 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains

White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

3 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

4 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

5 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.

6 I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

THE CHURCH.

47 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 131; Hollister's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 99

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

48 II. 3. 8s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 57; *Oriola*, p. 179.

BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple, God its light.
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light;
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
Beautiful strains that never tire;
Beautiful harps through all the choir.
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors' show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there.
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest — all wanderings cease;
Beautiful home of perfect peace.
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
Haste to his heavenly home with me.

49 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 190, or p. 94, or p. 131; *Sabbath Songs*, p. 55

WE have lingered o'er the story,
How King Solomon of old
Built the temple, in its glory,
Rich with "costly stones" and gold,
Till we almost see it gleaming
Like a crown on Sion's hill,
Like a crown of joy celestial,
In its radiance calm and still.

2 With no sound of axe or hammer
Grew that temple strong and great,

Rising up in wondrous silence,
Full of majesty and state;
Every stone was hewn and fitted,
Justly fitted to its place,
Ere the whole in noiseless beauty,
Took its form of perfect grace.

3 God himself now builds a temple,
And its growth is silent, too,
And its living stones are fitted
For the work that each must do.
Christ, the Corner Stone, upholds it,
Prophets and Apostles stand
As a strong and firm foundation
Round about on every hand.

4 And we, too, through God's great mercy,
Help to rear this temple high.
We are "costly stones," so costly
That to buy us Christ must die.
Joined in unity of spirit,
Father grant that we may be;
Make us, Lord, an holy temple,
Pure, acceptable to Thee.

5 And so fill us with thy glory
That our light may shine abroad,
Till the people, pressing onward,
Join in praising Christ our Lord;
Till the temple's walls resounding
Change their silence into song,
Echoing back the Alleluias
Of the nations, loud and long.

THE LORD'S DAY.

50 C. M. Double.

Music in *Sabbath Songs*, p. 44.

THIS is the day the light was made,
That glorious gift of heaven;
This is the day the Lord arose,
The best of all the seven.

This is the day the darkness fled,
And death to life gave way,
To light and life for evermore
God calls his saints to-day.

2 Then wake ye children of the light,
And hearken to his voice,
With early songs of praise draw nigh,
And in his courts rejoice.
Let carnal sloth and faithless fear
From every heart be driven,
Spend we this day as they that hope
To spend their rest in heaven.

3 O, may our souls, most holy God,
Thy gracious influence prove,
Enlightened by thy saving Word,
And quickened by thy love.
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Be praise from all that dwell on earth,
And from the heavenly host.

51 III. 1. 7s.

Music in Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 90.

WE will carol joyfully,
On this holy festal day;
To our risen Lord and King
Grateful homage we will bring.

2 We will carol joyfully,
As with sweet accord we bring
Praise from every heart and voice,
To our risen Lord and King.

3 We will carol joyfully,
While our love and thanks we give
To our risen Lord and King,
Him who died that we might live.

4 We will carol joyfully,
And to Him our offerings bring,—
Grateful hearts with love and praise,
To our risen Lord and King.

52 III. 5. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 60.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

ADVENT.

53 III. 1. 7s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 61.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo, the Prince of peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

54 II. 6.

Music (without Chorus) in *S. S. Bell*, p. 96; *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p 112; or "The Northern Star," Cluett & Sons, Troy, N. Y.

O WE'RE a band of children,
Arrayed at Jesus' call,
We stand up for his truth, which God
In love designed for all.
Our watchword is the Saviour;
We trust in Him alone;
And know that his all-precious blood
Will all our sins atone.

CHORUS. — Rejoice, rejoice,
In Jesus' name, rejoice;
We'll tell the story of his love,
With cheerful heart and voice.

2 He will not leave us orphans,
The Saviour soon will come;
And when He comes, we'll see his face,
And all be gathered home.
For this we've long been waiting,
And as the seasons fly,
We lift our heads in joyous hope,
That our redemption 's nigh!

CHORUS. — Rejoice, etc.

55 IV. 4. 11s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 47, or p. 65.

THE Lord is at hand!" See, his coming draws nigh;
The Highest stoops down from his home in the sky;
Be glad o'er his coming, ye nations of earth,
And sing and rejoice at the news of his birth!

2 "The Lord is at hand!" Hark, the angels proclaim
The music that breathes through the Saviour's dear name!
But the world that He came in compassion to save,
Gave a stall for a cradle; a cross, and a grave.

3 "The Lord is at hand!" He is close at our side,
And our thoughts and our acts must his judgment abide.
O may we have grace so to walk in the light,
That they may be found to be clear in his sight.

4 "The Lord is at hand!" O, the joy of that day,
When we shall cease bearing this burden of clay;
And clothed in a body as bright as his own,
Enter into his joy, and sit down on his throne

56 IV. 5.

[usic in *Young Christian Soldier*, "Advent," 1868 (see page 188 of this book).

JESUS is coming! we go forth to meet Him,
Bearing our off'rings to lay at his feet,
Jesus, our Saviour! our Strength! our Redeemer!
Give Him the love and the praise that is meet.
Jesus is coming! his praises we sing!
Jesus, our Saviour, Redeemer, and King!

2 Jesus is coming! and how shall we meet Him!
We have no frankincense, myrrh, and fine gold:
Jesus, our Saviour! our Strength! our Redeemer!
We cannot come like the wise men of old.
Jesus is coming! his praises we sing!
Jesus, our Saviour, Redeemer, and King!

3 Jesus is coming! prepare we to meet Him!
Love is our incense, and truth our fine gold;
Jesus, our Saviour! our Strength! our Redeemer!
Repentance the myrrh that our hearts shall unfold.
Jesus is coming! his praises we sing!
Jesus, our Saviour, Redeemer, and King!

4 Jesus is coming! but not in his weakness;
No, He will come in his power and might.
Jesus, our Saviour! our Strength! our Redeemer!
Thou, in full glory, wilt break through the night.
Jesus is coming! his praises we sing!
Jesus, our Saviour, Redeemer, and King!

5 Jesus is coming! rejoice and give glory!
Glory to Father, and Spirit, and Son!

Glory to Jesus, our Strength! our Redeemer!
Glory and praise to our God, Three in One!
Jesus is coming! his praises we sing!
Jesus, our Saviour, Redeemer, and King!

57 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music, "Webb," *S. S. Bell*, p. 96.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand forever;
That Name to us is Love.

8 III. 5. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

usic, "Saviour, like a shepherd lead us," *Oriola*, p. 64; *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 118; *Oriola*, p. 202.

ONCE again in glory seated
On the clouds of heaven they see
Him whom wicked men derided,
Nailing to the cursed tree;
Now exalted
In most glorious majesty.

2 All his people shall surround Him,
And his state of glory share;
All on earth who sought and found Him
Shall be with Him in the air;
Blessed Jesus,
Let me have my portion there.

3 Let my name be found before Thee
In the kingdom of thy grace,
That when Thou shalt come in glory
I may stand before thy face!
Blessed Jesus,
Give me there to find my place.

9 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *S. S. Hosanna*, p. 112.

LONG the Church of Christ had waited
For the coming of her Lord,
Long had Faith and Hope been leaning
On the promise of his word.

CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, for your redemption
Now draws nigh in Jesus' name:
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord will come to reign.

2 Then He came, but O how lowly
Was the infant Saviour's lot!
Wise men from the East adored Him,
But the world esteemed Him not.
CHORUS. — Lift up your heads, etc.

3 Long since then the Church has waited
For the coming of the day,
When the light of his appearing
Shall the darkness drive away.
CHORUS. — Lift up your heads, etc.

4 And he soon shall be returning
Though we know not when 'twill be;
Yet as those that watch the morning,
So we watch that hour to see.
CHORUS — Lift up your heads, etc.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

60 Peculiar.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 142.

WONDERFUL night!
Angels and shining immortals,
Thronging thine ebony portals,
Fling out their banners of light:
Wonderful night!

2 Wonderful night!
Dreamed of by prophets and sages!
Manhood redeemed for all ages,
Welcomes thy hallowing might,
Wonderful night!

3 Wonderful night!
Down o'er the stars to restore us,
Leading his flame-wingéd chorus,
Comes the Eternal to sight:
Wonderful night!

4 Wonderful night!
Sweet be thy rest to the weary,
Making the dull heart and dreary
Laugh in a dream of delight;
Wonderful night!

5 Wonderful night!
Let me, as long as life lingers,
Sing with the cherubim singers,
"Glory to God in the height!"
Wonderful night!

1 Peculiar.

Music in Hollister's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 34; *Parish Hymnal*, p. 184.

SILENT night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
CHRIST the Saviour is born!

3 Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth!

2 C. M. Double.

Music in *Sabbath Songs*, p. 44.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold.
"Peace on earth, good will to men,
From heav'n's all-gracious King;"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven sky they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long:
Beneath the angel strain have roll'd
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

63 II. 7. 8s & 6s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 158, or p. 120; *Sabbath Songs*, p. 90.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie:
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The Everlasting Light:
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven;

No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child;
Where Misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the undefiled;
Where Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

5 O Holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day;
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emanuel!

64 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music in Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 28.

HOW sang the heavenly army,
By watching shepherds seen,
When round them lay the silent night
On pastures wide and green!
The glory of their coming
Made moon and starlight dim;
Their hearts were cheered forever
Who heard that blessed hymn.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

2 "Glory to God in heaven,
Peace on the earth below,
For He is born who will redeem
This world from sin and woe."
O Lord of our salvation,
We praise Thee night and morn,

That we too in this darkened life
Have heard that Christ was born.
Alleluia, etc.

CHRISTMAS.

65 6s & 5s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 186. See also *Hymn* No. 11.

WAKEN, Christian children,
Up, and let us sing
With glad voice the praises
Of our new-born King.

2 Up! 'tis meet to welcome
With a joyous lay
CHRIST, the King of glory,
Born for us to-day.

3 Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said of children,
"Let them come to Me."

4 In a manger lowly
Sleeps the Heavenly Child;
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, Mother mild.

5 Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star out-shineth,
Watching silently.

6 Fear not, then, to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense,
Fitting for a King.

7 Gifts He asketh richer,
Offering costlier still;
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

8 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts He loveth
Infant purity.

9 Haste we then to welcome
With a joyous lay
CHRIST the King of Glory,
Born for us to-day.

66 8s & 6s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 154.

GOD rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day;
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the grey,
When Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

2 God rest ye, little children, let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ your Saviour was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ the child of Nazareth was born on Christmas Day.

3 God rest ye, all good Christians, upon this blessed morn,
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born;
Now all your sorrows he doth heal, your sins he takes away,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

67 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 104.

CHRISTIANS, all your joyful voices now with holy triumph raise;
Wondrous tide of our salvation, sing we now our Saviour's praise.

He so pure, so great, so holy, left his Majesty on high,
Left his Father's glorious kingdom for the sins of man to die.

CH. — Lift your voices far and wide, Christ was born at Christmas tide.
Bless and hail his holy birth; Peace to men, good-will on earth.

2 Deck his holy house with ivy, holly, mistletoe, and bay;
Though they be but humble service, He doth judge the heart alway.
Smallest hands may do Him service, weakest voice his praise may sing;
More the poor child's simple flowers, than the jewels of a king.

CH. — Lift your voices far and wide, Christ was born at Christmas tide.
Bless and hail his holy birth; Peace to men, good-will on earth.

68

Music (without chorus) in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 108. Special Music, published by Epis. S. S. Union, N. Y.

RINGING out, ringing out,
Are the joy-bells gayly ringing,
Glad tidings from the skies!
Flinging back, flinging back
Are our hearts and voices flinging
The echoes sweet that rise.
A Child is born, a Son is given,
To us a glorious Gift from Heaven.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

II. 6. 1 Glad tidings to the shepherds
Brought the messengers of old,
Who came on radiant pinions,
With their shining harps of gold,
On the first bright Christmas morning,
In the ages far away,

And they sang the birth of Jesus,
As we sing it here to-day.
CHORUS. — Ringing out, etc.

2 Glad tidings still are sounding
Of a Saviour born to-day,
To heal the broken-hearted,
And to wipe their tears away.
Hark! He calls the heavy-laden
And the weary to his breast.
And He takes their cares upon Him,
Saying, "I will give you rest."
CHORUS. — Ringing out, etc.

3 Glad tidings, little children!
For a Child was born to-day,
Who knows your many trials,
And who sorrows when you stray.
Ever go to Him in trouble,
Freely tell Him all your grief,
He's your dearest Friend and Brother,
And can ever give relief.
CHORUS. — Ringing out, etc.

4 Glad tidings, lonely captive!
Jesus comes to set thee free.
Glad tidings, homeless wanderer!
He'll prepare a place for thee
In His Father's House in Glory,
Where are many mansions bright;
There, if here we love Him truly,
We shall dwell with Him in light.
CHORUS — Ringing out, etc.

69 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 88. Special Music, published by Pott and Amery, New York.

RING out the bells for Christmas,
The happy, happy day!
In winter wild, the Holy Child
Within the cradle lay.

O wonderful! the Saviour
Is in a manger lone;
His palace is a stable,
And Mary's arms his throne.

2 On Bethlehem's quiet hill-side,
In ages long gone by,
In angel notes the Glory floats,
Glory to God on high!
Yet wakes the sun as joyous
As when the Lord was born,
And still He comes to greet you
On every Christmas morn.

3 Where'er his sweet lambs gather
Within his gentle fold,
The Saviour dear is waiting near,
As in the days of old;
In each young heart you see Him,
In every guileless face,
You see the Holy Jesus,
Who grew in truth and grace.

4 In many a darksome cottage,
In many a crowded street,
In winter bleak, with shivering cheek,
The homeless child you meet;
Gaze on the pale wan features,
The feet with wandering sore,
You see the souls He loveth,
The Christ child at the door.

5 Then sing your gladsome carols,
And hail the new-born sun;
For Christmas light is passing bright,
It smiles on every one:
And feast Christ's little children,
His poor, his orphan call;
For He who chose the manger,
He loveth one and all.

70 L. M.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 33; Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 27

THE Son of God, so high, so great,
A little child like us would be;
He took our form in low estate,
And pressed an earthly mother's knee.

2 And while the hornéd beasts among,
In manger rude alone He lay,
Out in the fields the angels sung,
"A Saviour, Christ, is born to-day."

3 We did not hear the angels chime
Their birthday hymn to shepherds' ear;
But we can think at Christmas time
How Jesus came to help us here.

4 We cannot run as shepherds ran,
To kneel beside the manger lone;
But we can love our God, made man,
And worship at his cradle throne.

5 For us the King of kings came down,
For us He laid his glory by,
That we might wear an angel's crown,
And live the life that cannot die.

6 O, teach thy children, Holy Child,
That evermore they serve Thee thus;
And lead us by thy mercy mild,
Up to the heaven Thou left'st for us.

71 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 64; *Oriola*, p. 46

HARK! — what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest — glory!
Glory be to God most high!"

2 Peace on earth — good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
"Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!
Praise the Father, earth and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

72 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 181, or p. 190.

COME! ye children, blithe and merry,
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
All be prized for his dear sake;
Come! ye gentle hearts and tender;
Come! ye spirits keen and bold;
All in all your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old!

2 High above a star is shining,
And the wise men haste from far;
Come! glad hearts and spirits pining;
For you all has risen the star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks, and love, and faith, and praise;
Come! ye people, come ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

3 Hark! the heaven of heavens is ringing —
Christ the Lord to man is born;

Are not all our hearts, too, singing —
Welcome, welcome Christmas morn?
Still the Child all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last!

73 II. 7.

Music, "Shining Shore," *S. S. Hosanna*, p. 40; *S. S. Bell*, p. 104.

TRUE to the angel's guiding word,
In Bethlehem they found Him;
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
With Eastern wise men round Him.

CHORUS.

With joy they stand, that shepherd band,
And hail the infant stranger;
Not robed in state among the great,
But lying in a manger.

2 O wondrous sight, the mighty God
There as a babe was lying!
He came to save the world from death
By his own precious dying.

CHORUS —With joy, etc.

3 And as upon this joyous day,
We tell the wondrous story;
May we, partaking of his Death,
Share also in his Glory.

CHORUS. —With joy, etc.

74 Peculiar.

Music, "Amsterdam," *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 95

HARK how every Christmas morn
Repeats these words from heaven,
Unto us a Child is born,
A promised Son is given.
In the manger low He lies,
Though the Lord of life and bliss,
For on earth, or in the skies,
There is no name like his.

2 All that's wonderful in works,
And wise in counsel too;
Into his dear name is wrought
And bursts upon our view.
Everywhere its glories shine,
Seen in all around, above:
In his lowliest works Divine,
But most in grace and love;

3 Make us, Lord, thy name to know,
This wondrous name of Love;
In our lives its meaning show,
And all its fullness prove.
Write it in our hearts we pray;
Make us lowly, loving, mild;
And upon this festive day,
O! make us each thy child.

75 III. 1.

Music in *S. S. Bell*, p. 114.

BETHLEHEM Star, sweet gem of light,
Sent to guide our souls aright,
Wanderers from the Lord afar,
Star of the Christian, Bethlehem Star!

CHORUS.— Bethlehem Star, Bethlehem Star,
Star of the Christian, Bethlehem, Bethlehem Star.

2 Shepherds wondering saw thee rise
Glorious in the Eastern skies,
Herald of a Saviour's birth,
Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth.

CHORUS. — Bethlehem Star, etc.

3 Radiant star, thy beams divine
Bright with heavenly lustre shine;
Sinners from their God afar
Look to the Christian's guiding Star.

CHORUS. — Bethlehem Star, etc.

4 When all earthly scenes shall fade,
And we near death's silent shade,

Star of Christ, O light our way
To the bright realms of perfect day.
CHORUS. — Bethlehem Star, etc.

6 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Golden Promise*, p. 25.

CHRISTMAS bells are ringing, ringing,
O'er the land triumphantly;
Children's voices singing, singing,
Sound a joyous jubilee.
'Tis the day, the wondrous sign
Broke the wise men's calm repose;
Newly robed in rays divine,
The Star of Bethlehem rose.

CHORUS. — Christmas bells are ringing, ringing,
O'er the land triumphantly;
Children's voices singing, singing,
Sound a joyous jubilee.

2 Soft the world lay dreaming, dreaming,
On the morning of his birth;
Its pure snow veil gleaming, gleaming,
When the Christ-child came on earth.
He's the priceless pearl we hail,
Sent us from a Father's hand;
A fount of life that shall not fail,
A rock in a weary land.

CHORUS. — Christmas bells are ringing, etc.

3 Angel hymns are pealing, pealing,
Through the depths of yonder sky;
Ransomed saints are kneeling, kneeling,
Kneeling at the throne on high.
With grateful voices come we now,
Come, both heart and hand to lift;
Lord of Life, to Thee, we bow,
And thank Thee for thy gift.

CHORUS. — Christmas bells are ringing, etc.

77 IV. 4.

Music, "Portuguese Hymn," *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 65; Goodrich' *Service and Tune Book*, p. 30.

COME hither, ye faithful,
Triumphantly sing!
Come see in the manger
The angels' great King;
To Bethlehem hasten,
With joyful accord,
O come ye, come hasten
To worship the Lord.

2 True Son of the Father,
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

3 Hark, hark to the angels!
All singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of thy birth,
Be glory and honor
Through heaven and earth;
True Godhead Incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
O, come! let us hasten
To worship the Lord!

78 6s & 5s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 148.

CAROL, brothers, carol,
Carol joyfully;
Carol the good tidings,
Carol merrily.
And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all good Christian men.
Carol, brothers, carol,
Christmas Day again!

2 Carol, but with gladness,
Not in songs of earth;
On the Saviour's birthday
Hallowed be our mirth;
While a thousand blessings
Fill our hearts with glee,
Christmas Day we'll keep,
The feast of charity.

3 At the merry table,
Think of those who've none,
The orphan and the widow,
Hungry and alone.
Bountiful your offerings
To the Altar bring;
Let the poor and needy
Christmas carols sing.

4 Listening angel music,
Discord sure must cease;
Who dare hate his brother
On this day of peace?
While the heavens are telling
To mankind good-will,
Only love and kindness
Every bosom fill.

5 Let our hearts, responding
To the Seraph Band,
Wish this morning's sunshine
Bright in every land.
Word, and deed, and prayer
Speed the grateful sound,
Telling "Merry Christmas"
All the world around!

79 6s & 5s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 152.

CAROL, carol, Christians,
Carol joyfully;
Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity;

And pray a gladsome Christmas
For all good Christian men:
Carol, carol, Christians,
For Christmas come again.

2 Go ye to the forest,
Where the myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel
Bend beneath the snow:
Gather them for Jesus;
Wreath them for his shrine;
Make his temple glorious
With the box and pine. Carol, carol, etc.

3 Wreath your Christmas garland,
Where to Christ we pray;
It shall smell like Carmel
On our festal day;
Libanus and Sharon
Shall not greener be.
Than our holy chancel,
On Christ's nativity. Carol, carol, etc.

4 Give us grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might
Deeds and dreams of darkness,
For the robes of light!
And to live as lowly
As thyself with men;
So to rise in glory,
When Thou com'st again. Carol, etc.

80 III. 5

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 67; *Parish Hymnal*, 34.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang Creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

CHORUS.—Come and worship,
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light. — CHORUS.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations, —
Ye have seen his natal star. — CHORUS.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In his temples shall appear. — CHORUS.

31 Peculiar.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 158.

TO BE SUNG BEFORE THE DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS.

GATHER around the Christmas Tree!
Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Ever green
Have its branches been.
It is king of all the woodland scene;
For Christ, our King, is born to day,
His reign shall never pass away.
Hosanna, hosanna,
Hosanna in the highest!

2 Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Once the pride
Of the mountain side,
Now cut down to grace our Christmas tide;
For Christ from heaven to earth came down,
To gain, through death, a nobler crown.
Hosanna. etc.

3 Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Every bough
Bears a burden now:

They are gifts of love for us, we trow;
For Christ is born his love to show,
And give good gifts to men below.
Hosanna, etc.

4 Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Gather around the Christmas Tree!
Tapers bright
In the branches light,
Till our eyes all shine at the goodly sight;
For Christ, our Light, is born to-day,
His glory ne'er shall fade away.
Hosanna, etc.

TO BE SUNG AFTER THE DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS.

5 Farewell to thee, O Christmas Tree!
Farewell to thee, O Christmas Tree!
Thy part is done,
And thy gifts are gone,
And thy lights are dying one by one;
For earthly pleasures die to-day,
But heavenly joys shall last alway.
Hosanna, etc.

6 Farewell to thee, O Christmas Tree!
Farewell to thee, O Christmas Tree!
Twelve months o'er,
We shall meet once more,
Merry welcome singing, as of yore;
For Christ now reigns, our Saviour dear,
And gives us Christmas every year.
Hosanna, etc.

EPIPHANY.

82 III. 2.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 41.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;

So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

83 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p 190, or p. 181; Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 86.

SAW ye never in the twilight,
When the sun had left the sky,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining
Through the gloom like silver eyes?
So of old the wise men watching
Saw a little stranger star,
And they knew the King was given,
And they followed from afar.

2 Heard you never of the story,
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the Holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King,
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering?

3 Know ye not that lowly Baby
Was the bright and Morning Star,
He who came to light the Gentiles
And the darkened isles afar?
And we too may seek his cradle,
There our hearts' best treasures bring,
Love and faith, and true devotion
For our Saviour, God, and King.

84 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music, "Romaine," or *Happy Voices* p. 22.

HOW wondrous is the story
Of the Redeemer's birth,
Who laid aside his glory,
And came to live on earth;
The Lord of men and angels
A little child became:
Content to do their bidding,
Who bore a parent's name.

2 How sweet is the example
Which Jesus sets us here!
How simple is its teaching,
And yet how full and clear!
O let us deeply ponder
The truths which from it flow,
And learn the love and homage
We to our parents owe.

3 Lord Jesus! we are only
A band of children yet,

And much we need thy teaching —
Thou wilt not us forget.
For Thou art now in glory
As loving, gentle, mild,
As in that beauteous story
Of Jesus as a child.

35 L. M.

Music, "Vienna," or "Park Street," or Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 27.

HOW sweet the lessons, how divine,
Which in the life of Jesus shine!
How bright the wisdom and the grace
Which in each word and act had place!

2 He never sought himself to please,
Nor live on earth a life of ease,
But ceaselessly did He pursue
The business which He came to do.

3 A little child, his spirit still,
Moved sweetly to his Father's will;
The manger and the cross declare
How perfect his example there.

4 O be that dear example mine!
In me, may his sweet spirit shine!
In some small measure may I be
A faithful copy, Lord, of Thee!

LENT.

TRANSFIGURATION.

36 Peculiar.

Music in *Golden Promise*, p. 8.

ONCE on the mountain
Jesus in glory stood,
Bright as the sunbeam,
Shining as the noon.
Once from the heavens
Jesus again will come, —

Come for his people,
Come to take them home!

SEMI-CHORUS.

Long in hope we've waiting stood
By many fears surrounded,
Leaning on the word of God,
And hoping still He'll come.

CHORUS. — Yes, from the heavens,
Jesus again shall come, —
Come for his people,
Come to take them home.

2 Here we are waiting,
Waiting to hear thy voice;
For we shall meet Him,
Coming in the air.
Then we'll be like Him,
Knowing no more of sin,
Sharing his glory,
And be with Him there.

SEMI-CHORUS. —Long in hope, etc.

CHORUS. — Yes, from the heavens, etc.

87 III. 2.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 75.

BY thy birth, thou Holiest One,
Very God, yet Mary's Son,
Seen in swaddling bands arrayed,
And in Bethlehem's manger laid;
Born for us a little child,
Cleanse and keep us undefiled.

2 By the angel words that led
Shepherds to thy lowly bed,
Teaching us the songs of heaven,
Unto whom a Son is given;
Born for us, etc.

3 By thy duteous reverence still
Subject to thy parents' will

Winning both from God and man
Favor such as childhood can;
Born for us, etc.

4 Look upon us, Lord, for we
Ask but to resemble Thee,
Treading in thy footsteps here,
Walking in our Father's fear;
Lowly, loving, undefiled,
Followers of the Holy Child.

88 Peculiar.

Music in *Young Christian Soldier*, March, 1869; or *Parish Hymnal*, p. 62.

CHILDREN, hear! Children, hear!
We must keep the holy fast,
For Christ's death is drawing near,
And the Christmas time is past:
And our Saviour is so dear,
If He sorrows we must weep:
Children, hear! Children, hear!
We've a holy fast to keep.

2 For He came! For He came
To lay down his life for you,
And He bore the pain and shame,
And He prayed and fasted too.
If we love his holy name,
Let us sorrow at his side.
For He came! For He came!
And He suffered and He died.

3 So we raise! So we raise,
In this solemn fast of Lent,
Our soft strain of child-like praise
'Mid the burden of lament.
Glory be, through endless days,
To the Father, Spirit, Son.
So we raise! So we raise
Songs to God, the Three in One.

89 III. 1. 7s. Double.

Music, "Martyn," *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 80.

HELP me, Lord! the widow cried
When to Jesus she applied;
Help us, Lord! must be our plea,
When, like her, we come to Thee.
We are very full of need,
Thou alone canst help bestow;
Hear us as for help we plead;
Do not, do not, tell us No!

2 We are in our souls unclean,
For we were conceived in sin,
And we show in act and word
That we do not love Thee, Lord.
Hear us, Lord, and help us now!
Wash us in the Saviour's blood:
And as at thy throne we bow,
Make our spirits clean for God.

90 6s & 5s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 106; Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 122.

JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love:
Draw us, holy Jesus!
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey
Be Thyself the Way,
Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy children's cry. Amen.

91 III. 2. 7s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 90.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

92 L. M.

Music in Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 48.

BEYOND the wicked city wall
They set the cruel cross on high,
Where the dear Lord, who saved us all,
Did hang in pain and bleed and die.

2 Since God's own Son must suffer thus,
Our souls from Satan's grasp to win;
Since only He could ransom us,
O, what a fearful thing is sin!

3 O! by thy griefs that dreadful day,
Dear Lord, and by thy precious blood,
Wash all our guilty stains away,
And make thy sinful children good.

93 C. M.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 54; Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 88; Hollister's *Chant and Tune Book*, p. 98.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

PALM SUNDAY.

94 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 60.

GLORY and praise and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Glory and praise and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King!

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son;
Who in the Lord's name comest;
The King and Blessed One.
Glory and praise and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King!

3 The company of heaven
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
Glory and praise and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King!

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
Glory and praise and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King!

5 Thou wentest to thy Passion
Amid their shouts of praise:
Thou reignest now in glory,
While we our anthems raise.
Glory and praise and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King!

6 Thou didst accept their praises:
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
Glory and praise and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King!

95 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music, "Webb," *S. S. Bell*, p. 96; Hollister's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 44; *Oriola*, p. 48.

WHEN his salvation bringing
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;

Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He went along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon his throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son!

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No: while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

96 III. 5. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 78; *Oriola*, p. 202; *Happy Voices*, p. 48; Hollister's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 48.

ONCE was heard the song of children
By the Saviour when on earth;
Joyful in the sacred temple
Shouts of youthful praise had birth,
And Hosannas
Loud to David's Son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around Him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned Him,
In fair Salem's crowded street,
While Hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3 Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,

Mortal lays, from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praise essay;
But Hosannas
Swell the chorus of the sky.

4 God o'er all in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring, —
Glad Hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 O, though humble is our offering,
Deign accept our grateful lays:
Those from children once proceeding
Thou didst deem "perfected praise."
Now Hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to Thee we raise.

97 C. M.

Music in *Sabbath Songs*, p. 112.

WHEN Jesus left the throne of God,
He chose a humble birth;
A man of grief, — like us He trod
A lowly path on earth.

CHORUS. — Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Could we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

2 Like Him, may we be found below
In wisdom's paths of peace;
Like Him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
CHORUS. — Hosanna, etc.

3 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms, and strewed
Their garments on the ground.
CHORUS. — Hosanna, etc.

4 O, may we learn to love his name;
That name, divinely sweet,
May every pulse through life proclaim,
And our last breath repeat!
CHORUS. — Hosanna, etc.

EASTER.

98 III. 1. 7s. Double.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 80.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
There awhile she lingering stood,
Asking where her Saviour lay;
Tears she wept, — a bitter flood, —
Lost in anguish and dismay.

2 Soon her sorrow all was gone,
When she heard his own dear voice
Call her, "Mary." — O! that tone,
How it bade her heart rejoice!
Such a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day.
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

99 II. 7.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 166.

THE world itself keeps Easter day,
And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing:
Alleluia!
The Lord of all things lives anew,
And all his works are rising too:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

2 There stood three Marys by the tomb,
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly:
Alleluia!
With loving but with erring mind,
They come the Prince of Life to find:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

3 But earlier still the angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
And "why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the Living?"
Alleluia!
"Go, tell them all, and make them blest;
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

4 The world itself keeps Easter day,
And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing;
Alleluia!
The Lord is risen as all things tell;
Good Christians, see ye rise as well!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

100 Peculiar.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 164.

CHRIST hath arisen!
Death is no more!
Lo! the white-robéd ones
Sit by the door.
Dawn! golden morning!
Scatter the night!
Haste, ye disciples glad,
First with the light!

2 Break forth in singing,
O world new-born!
Chant the great Easter-tide,
Christ's holy morn.
Chant Him, young sunbeams
Dancing in mirth!
Chant, all ye winds of God,
Coursing the earth!

3 Chant Him, ye laughing flowers,
Fresh from the sod;
Chant Him, wild leaping streams,
Praising your God!
Break from thy winter,
Sad heart, and sing!
Bud with thy blossoms fair;
Christ is thy spring.

4 Come where the Lord hath lain:
Past is the gloom;
See the full eye of day
Smile through the tomb.
Hark! angel voices
Fall from the skies, —
Christ hath arisen!
Glad heart, arise!

101 III. 2. 7s.

Music in Hollister's *Service and Tune Book* (*Supplement*), p. 29; Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 92.

ANGELS, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up the mighty prey!
See! the Saviour quits the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Christ the Lord is risen to-day!

2 Shout, ye seraphs! angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.
Alleluia! etc.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.
Alleluia! etc.

102 IV. 5.

Music in *Young Christian Soldier*, Easter, 1869 (see page 183 of this book).

JESUS, our Saviour, we welcome thy rising!
Welcome thy rising from death and the grave!
Hail to the Victor o'er sin and o'er sorrow —
Hail to the Prince who is mighty to save!
Jesus is risen! Jesus is risen!
Hail to the Prince who is mighty to save!

2 Seek we, with Mary, the tomb in the garden?
Angels may show us the place where He lay.
Empty the sepulchre! folded the grave-clothes!
Jesus arose ere the dawning of day!
Jesus is risen! Jesus is risen!
Jesus arose ere the dawning of day!

3 Yet He is near, if we turn when He speaketh,
Calling our names, till we know it is He.
Hands might not touch Him until he ascended —
Master, Rabboni, our *hearts* cling to Thee!
Jesus is risen! Jesus is risen!
Master, Rabboni, our hearts cling to Thee.

4 Welcome to Him, who was dead and who liveth!
Jesus, our Saviour, alive evermore!
Bring we our treasures, and spread them before Him!
Jesus, our Saviour, we love and adore!
Jesus is risen! Jesus is risen!
Jesus, our Saviour, we love and adore!

5 Glory to God in the highest, forever!
Glory to Father and Spirit and Son!
Glory to God, as it was, is, and shall be!
Glory to God! to our God, Three in One!
Jesus is risen! Jesus is risen!
Glory to God! to our God, Three in One!

103 8s & 6s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 158.

THE Easter sunshine breaks again
O'er all the sinful earth,
More glorious than the star-lit morn,
We sang of Jesus' birth!
We've watched beside our Saviour's cross,
We've sorrowed at his grave;
But now He's broken Death's dark bands,
Our Jesus strong to save!

2 Fair blossoms on the Easter morn
Fling forth their fragrance sweet,
And tell of Resurrection joy,
And Jesus' work complete!
But fairer still the offering
Each loving heart should bring,
Of faith and love and penitence,
To Christ, its risen King.

3 So on this glorious Easter day
Our gladsome songs we raise,
And echo e'en to heaven's own gates
Our happy notes of praise!
For He who died is risen again,
"The Life, the Truth, the Way!"
Sing on, ye happy Christian hearts,
The Lord is risen to-day!

104 Peculiar.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 81; Hollister's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 46; *Parish Hymnal*, p. 181.

HE is risen! He is risen!
Tell it with a joyful voice;
He has burst his three days' prison,
Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
Death is conquered, man is free
Christ has won the victory.

2 Tell it to the sinners weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,

Weary fast and vigil keeping,
Brightly breaks their Easter sun;
Blood can wash all sins away,
Christ has conquered hell to-day.

3 He is risen! He is risen!
He has oped the eternal gate;
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state;
Soon a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

105 III. 1. Double.

Music published by E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y.

JESUS lives! O day of days!
Glad we bring our grateful praise:
He is risen! Gone the gloom,
Angels sit within the tomb.
Vain the taunt of Jew denying,
Vain the vaunt o'er Jesus dying,
Heavenly voices from the grave
Now proclaim his power to save.

CHORUS. — He is risen! Come and see,
How he triumphed mightily;
Conqueror thus o'er all his foes,
Jesus from the dead arose.

2 Lord and Prophet, spake He not?
Have ye his own words forgot,
Telling, while in Galilee,
Thus the victory should be?
How through scorn and dire affliction,
Thorny way and crucifixion,
Vanquished Death, and rent the Grave,
Christ the King should live to save?

CHORUS. — He is risen, etc.

3 Tearful to the sepulchre
Mary comes in grief and fear,
Sees the stone now rolled away,
Hears the waiting angels say,

"Why among the dead the living
Seek ye?" Lo! the Lord, life-giving,
Rises! Vain the watch, the grave;
Prince of Life, He lives to save!

CHORUS. — He is risen, etc.

4 Welcome, then, the day of days!
Lord, 'tis thine, our tuneful praise;
Thine, for us, the Tempted, Tried,
Thine, for us the Crucified;
Thine, for us the Resurrection;
Thine, the Life, the sure Protection.
Saviour, Sovereign o'er the grave,
May we know thy power to save.

CHORUS. — He is risen, etc.

106 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music in *Golden Censer*, p. 126.

O LONG the Church has waited
To hail the coming day,
When its conflicts would be ended,
And sin be put away.
And now that Christ has risen,
It's drawing near us fast,
And soon our warfare here shall cease,
We'll gain the crown at last!

CHORUS. — We'll gain the crown at last,
O, gain the crown at last;
The word is sure and we'll endure,
And gain the crown at last —
Yes, we'll gain the crown at last,
Yes, gain the crown at last;
We'll gain the crown, gain the crown,
Gain the crown at last.

2 All hail this joyous morning
That brings to us the word
Of sin's dominion overthrown
Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

We look within his empty tomb
And know all danger 's past;
For we shall rise as Jesus rose
And gain the crown at last. — CHO.

3 And in this hope rejoicing
We'll fearlessly go on;
Counting ourselves as dead to sin,
Alive to God alone.
Into our risen Saviour's tomb
Shall all our sins be cast,
And in his work we'll stand complete
And gain the crown at last. — CHO.

ASCENSION.

107 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 69, or p. 94.

SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state
Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
To his heavenly palace gate:
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the Cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 While he lifts his hands in blessing,
He is parted from his friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends;

He has raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Him in glory stand.

108 S. M.

Music in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, No. 124; *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 56.

THOU art gone up on high,
To realms beyond the skies;
And round thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.

2 But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto thy crown.

4 And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

5 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.

6 Lord, by thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high.

WHITSUNDAY.

109 III. 1. 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 72; *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 84.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

TRINITY.

110 III. 1. 7s.

Music, "Mozart," *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 42.

GLORY to the Father give,
God, in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

111 6s & 4s.

Music in *Happy Voices*, p. 41; *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 185.

FATHER of Light and Love,
Who from thy throne above
Lookest on me!

Help me to seek thy face,
Me in thine arms embrace;
And in thy sovereign grace
Bring me to Thee!

2 Jesus the Crucified!
Thou who for me hast died;
Teach me I pray,—
All that thy love can do;
My evil heart renew,
My stubborn will subdue
To thine, this day.

3 Spirit of Holiness
Sent both to guide and bless
Those who are thine!
Strengthen me with thy might;
Cleanse Thou my spirit's sight;
And, in my heart, with light
Of comfort, shine!

112 III. 5. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 118.

I believe in God the Father,
Maker of all things I see;
God, their wise and good Preserver,
God who ever thinks of me!
Wilt Thou teach me
With my heart to trust in Thee?

2 I believe in God the Saviour,
Jesus Christ, his only Son,
Who, with love sincere and tender,
Died for sins that I had done.
May I love Thee,
Love and live for Thee alone!

3 I believe in God the Spirit,
Lord of life and Giver too,

Who the Saviour's boundless merit
Opens up before our view.
Blessed Teacher,
Help me all thy will to do!

113 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 117.

HEAVENLY Father, send thy blessing
On thy children gathered here,
May they all, thy name confessing,
Be to Thee forever dear;
May they be, like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful and chaste and pure;
And their faith like David proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.

2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guide their steps, and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee;
Bear thy lambs when they are weary
In thine arms, and at thy breast;
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love;
Temples of the Holy Spirit
May they with thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit
And for evermore be thine!

MISSIONS AND OFFERINGS.

114 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 87.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The Heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

115 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music, "Webb," *S. S. Bell*, p. 96.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Reëchoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,

Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious;
Emanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire shall increase.

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings;
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

116 Peculiar.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 129; or in *Young Christian Soldier.*

WE trust in the name of the Lord!
We seek to do his will!
He sends us forth to the work,
And He shall uphold us still!

2 We go, in the strength that He gives,
Our hearts may well be brave;
We seek to win to his side
The souls that He died to save.

3 We know that the work may be hard,
But He shall make it sweet;
And all the way, through the fields,
We follow his blessed feet.

4 We follow, and still, as we go,
We pluck the ripened grain;
We bind rich sheaves for the Lord,
From seed that He sowed in pain.

5 O Lord of the harvest, we go,—
We go to do thy will;
We trust, alone, in thy grace,
And Thou shalt uphold us still.

117 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 37, or p. 108; *S. S. Bell*, p. 96; *Parish Hymnal*, p. 88 (Second Tune).

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health:
We, too, would bring our treasures,
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning—
What shall we children bring?

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them,
Yet these a child may bring.

4 Now glory to the Father,
And glory ever be
To Christ, the loving Saviour,
Who lived a child like me;

And glory to the Spirit —
O, Three in One — our King —
Accept 'mid angel praises,
The praise a child may bring.

18 III. 5. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Music in Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, No. 112; *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 70.

IN the vineyard of our Father,
Daily work we find to do:
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
Little clusters
Help to fill the garners, too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
So along our path we stray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb;
Or till, sin's dominion falling,
Christ shall, in his kingdom, come,
And his children
Reach their everlasting home.

5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And, forever and forever,
We will give the praise to thee:
Alleluia!
Singing all eternity.

119 III. 3. 8s & 7s

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 114; *S. S. Hosanna*, p. 70.

SHOUT the tidings of salvation,
To the aged and the young,
Till the precious invitation
Waken every heart and tongue.
Send the sound
The earth around.

2 Shout the tidings of salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar,
Till the ships of every nation
Bear the news from shore to shore.
Send the sound, etc.

3 Shout the tidings of salvation
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till, in humble adoration,
All to Christ shall bow the knee.
Send the sound, etc.

Shout the tidings of salvation,
Till the world shall hear it call,
And with joyous acclamation,
Crown the Saviour Lord of all.
Send the sound, etc.

120 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Oriola*, p. 46; *Parish Hymnal*, p. 190.

LORD, our offerings we are bringing,
Smile upon them from above,
And while we thy praise are singing,
O, regard us with thy love.
Take, we pray Thee, our oblation,
Which we bring in Jesus' name;
That the news of thy salvation
We may thus to men proclaim.

2 There is in it nought of merit
To commend it to thy care,
And we therefore humbly bear it
To thy throne in earnest prayer

Let thy blessing, Lord, attend it,
As the sun matures the grain,
For if Thou shouldst not befriend it,
All our work will be in vain.

3 We would tell to distant nations,
All the story of thy love;
And the riches of salvation,
We would have them freely prove.
From the gifts our hands have brought Thee,
May it, Lord, at last appear,
Some benighted souls have sought Thee,
And, like us, have found Thee near.

4 Speed thy cause, Thou blessed Saviour,
Hasten on that glorious day,
When from earth's remotest regions
Sin's dark clouds shall pass away,
Hear the cry we breathe before Thee,
Answer from thy throne above,
Let the nations see thy glory,
Bless the peoples with thy love.

121 C. M.

Music, "Antioch," *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 78; *Sabbath Songs*, p. 44.

LORD, not to us; we claim no share;
To Thee alone belongs
The grateful incense of our prayer,
The tribute of our songs.

2 Thine are the gifts which now we bring,
With joyous hearts and free;
And since they from thy goodness spring,
We bring them back to Thee.

3 O wilt thou not this offering take,
And, from thy throne above,
Bless, for the dear Redeemer's sake,
This simple gift of love?

4 Thus when on heathen lands it pours
The light of life divine,

The blessing shall be theirs and ours,
But all the glory thine!

PRAYER.

122 III. 2. 7s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 90.

HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare
For the solemn work of prayer;
Grant that, while we bend the knee,
All our thoughts may turn to thee;
Let thy presence here be found,
Breathing peace and joy around.

2 While we come around thy throne,
Make thy power and glory known;
As thy children, may we call,
On our Father, Lord of all,
And with holy love and fear
At thy footstool now appear.

3 Teach us, while we breathe our woes,
On thy promise to repose;
All thy tender love to trace,
In the Saviour's work of grace;
Let us all in faith depend
On a gracious God and Friend.

123 L. M.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 120.

O LORD, behold, before thy throne,
A band of children lowly bend:
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,
And pray that Thou wilt be our friend.

2 Thou didst on earth the young receive,
And gently fold them to thy breast,
And say that such in heaven should live,
Forever safe, forever blest.

3 Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,
That He may teach us how to pray;
Make us sincere, and let each heart
Delight to tread in wisdom's way.

4 O, let thy grace our souls renew,
And seal a sense of pardon there:
Teach us thy will to know and do,
And let us all thine image bear.

24 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in Hollister's *Chant and Tune Book*, p. 99; *Parish Hymnal*, p. 194; *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 99. or p. 45.

WATCH and pray shall be our motto,
As we're marching day by day;
Led by that, we'll triumph over
All the dangers of the way.

2 We are all enlisted soldiers;
Christ 's our leader in the strife;
And we know our warfare ceases
Only at the end of life.

3 We must *watch* that none are taken
Captive by the hosts of sin;
We must *pray* for strength from heaven,
And the victory we'll win.

4 Foes are lurking all around us,
Tempting from the ranks to stray
Every careless, thoughtless soldier,
Who forgets to "watch and pray."

5 In our hearts and on our banners
We will write our motto plain,
And at last, if faithful warriors,
We the victor's crown shall gain.

25 IV. 1.

Music in *Sabbath Songs*, p. 99.

OUR Father in heaven,
We hallow thy name;
May thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same;
O, give to us daily
Our portion of bread,
For 'tis from thy bounty
That all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
That pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness, and sin,
And thine be the glory
Forever, Amen.

FAITH.

126 III. 2. 7s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 90, or p. 75.

LITTLE children, guarded yet
From the trials some have met,
Learn to sing the Saviour's praise,
In the sunshine of your days,
And to know the heavenly voice
That is bidding you rejoice.

2 Sorrow will not alway stay
In the distance, far away;
When it comes, O then, how sweet
Jesus in the storm to meet,
As a known and trusted friend
Who will love you to the end!

3 He whose blessed feet could tread
On the billows' crested head,
Will not let his children be
Lonely on affliction's sea,
But will then in love draw nigh,
Saying, "Fear not, it is I!"

4 Pain and sickness, death, may come,
All be darkened in their home;
But where'er his children are,
Jesus is not distant far:
Still he hears their trembling cry,
And will answer, "It is I!"

27 8s & 6s, or L. M.

Music, "Hebron," *Oriola*, p. 168; *Parish Hymnal*, p. 116; *Sabbath Songs*, p. 65.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me
And that Thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, —
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, —
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, — Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe, —
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am, thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

HOPE.

28 III. 1.

Music "Kelly," *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 96.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banished once, by sin betrayed,
Christ our advocate was made;
Pardoned now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

PRAISE.

129 L. M.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 120.

O HEAVENLY Father, bow thine ear,
And hearken to thy servants here,
While we our youthful voices raise
In fervent prayers and songs of praise:
Gladly to thy courts we come,
O guide us to our heavenly home.

2 From out the busy ways of life,
From all its pleasures and its strife,
We seek, O Lord, thy loving face,
And beg the treasures of thy grace:
Gladly to thy courts we come,
O guide us to our heavenly home.

3 Teach us, dear Lord, thy way to know,
And help us in that way to go,
That so our walk with Thee begun
May in thy footsteps always run:
Gladly to thy courts we come,
O guide us to our heavenly home.

4 Let the sweet sunshine of thy love,
Still hovering o'er us like the dove,
Fill all our hearts and homes with joy,
And all our grateful hours employ:
Gladly to thy courts we come,
O lead us to our heavenly home.

30 L. M.

Music in *Sabbath Songs* p. 145. *Episcopal Common Praise* Hymn 257.

AWAKE, my soul, to grateful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness, O, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O, how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O, how strong!

4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O, how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

31 III. 1. 7s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 42; *Happy Voices*, p. 62.

LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Children, come extol his might,
Join with saints and angels bright;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All our wants He doth supply,
Loves to hear our humble cry;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He of old our fathers blest,
Led them to the land of rest;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 His own Son He sent to die,
Us to raise to joys on high;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us then with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord for He is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

132 C. M.

Music, "Coronation," *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 46.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saved you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terréstrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

133 II. 4.

Music in *Hollister's Service and Tune Book*, p. 75.

CHILDREN AND CONGREGATION.

CHILDREN.

COME let our voices join
In one glad song of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise.

CONGREGATION.

To God alone your praise belongs;
His love demands your earliest songs.

CHILDREN.

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine;
Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories shine:

CONGREGATION.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

CHILDREN.

3 Within these hallowed walls,
Our wandering feet are brought;
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:

CONGREGATION.

To God alone your offerings bring;
Here in his church his praises sing.

CHILDREN.

4 For blessings such as these,
Our gratitude receive;
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give:

CONGREGATION.

Great God, accept their infant songs;
To Thee alone their praise belongs.

BOTH.

5 Lord, bid this work of love
Be crowned with meet success;
May thousands yet unborn
This institution bless:
Thus shall the praise resound to Thee,
Now, and through all eternity.

134 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 104.

TEACHERS.

COME, ye children, and adore Him,
Lord of all, He reigns above;
Come and worship now before Him,
He hath called you by his love.
He will grant you every blessing
Of his all-abounding grace:
Come, with humble hearts expressing
All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

2 On this holy day of gladness,
We will join in praises meet;
Every bosom free from sadness,
All with happiness replete.
O, to feel the love of Jesus!
O, to know that from above
Still our heavenly Father sees us
With an eye of tender love!

TEACHERS.

3 Dearest children, now adore Him;
Swell aloud the joyful strain:
Let the nations bow before Him,—
Echo back the notes again.
While He will accept the praises
E'en from every heart and tongue,
Those to Him an infant raises
Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.

4 Lord of all, our hearts' oblation
Now ascends to Thee alone;
We would come, with all the nation,
Now to worship at the throne.
Teachers! will you join the chorus?
Join in hymning forth his praise,
Who, for our redemption, shows us
All the riches of his grace.

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

5 Praise to Thee, O Lord, forever,
Gladly now we all unite;
Praise to Thee, O God! the Giver,
Blessed Lord of life and light!
Ransomed nation, spread the story:
Rescued people, ne'er give o'er:
All his grace and all his glory
O proclaim for evermore!

135 Peculiar.

Music in *Sabbath Songs*, p. 98.

MARCH along! march along!
Singing a glad, triumphant song.
Sing of the love of God to me,
Sing of his grace so rich and free;
Sing of his goodness by the way,
Sing how He keeps me day by day.

Sing of the mercy, sing of the love,
Keeping my soul for glory above.
CHORUS. — March along! march along!
Singing a glad triumphant song.

2 March along! march along!
Singing a glad triumphant song.
Sing what He tells me in his word,
Brightest and best that e'er was heard;
Sing how my Saviour came to die,
Sing how He lives and reigns on high.
CHORUS. — March along, etc.

3 March along! march along!
Singing a glad triumphant song.
Sing how He loved my soul so well,
Ransomed with blood from sin and hell;
Sing how his precious blood was spilt,
Washing away my deepest guilt.
CHORUS. — March along, etc.

4 March along! march along!
Singing a glad triumphant song.
Sing of my Jesus, strong to save,
Sing of his victory o'er the grave;
Sing how He rose from death and night,
Bringing my soul to endless light.
CHORUS. — March along, etc.

136 IV. 4.

Music in *S. S. Bell*, p. 17.

COME, children, and join in our festival song,
And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise
To God, who has kept us, and lengthened our days.
CHORUS. — Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting to all!
Happy greeting, happy greeting, happy greeting to all!

2 *Our Father in heaven*, we lift up to Thee,
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
O, bless us, and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.
CHORUS. — Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, etc.

3 *Kind teachers*, we children would thank you this day
That faithfully, kindly, you've taught us the way,
How we may escape from the world's sinful charms,
And find a safe refuge in the Saviour's loved arms.
CHORUS. — Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, etc.

4 And now, as we part, let us bid you good cheer,
We pray for a blessing on your labors here:
May many "bright jewels" be your blest reward,
And "crowns of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord."
CHORUS. — Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, etc.

137 6s & 4s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 134.

COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies;
Now make them fall.
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!

Come and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of Holiness,
On us descend!

138 6s & 4s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 134; *Happy Voices*, p. 40

COME, children, join to sing
Loud praise to Christ our King;
Worthy the Lamb!
Let all with heart and voice
Before his throne rejoice;
Praise is his gracious choice—
Worthy the Lamb!

2 Shout, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad,
Worthy the Lamb!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud, for evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!

3 Hark to the choirs above,
Praising the Saviour's Love;
Worthy the Lamb!
There too may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
Worthy the Lamb!

139 C. M.

Music in Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 70.

HOSANNA be the children's song
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 Hosanna sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain;

While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.

3 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.

140 S. M.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 97; Hollister's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 111.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.

3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And, like the eagle's, he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, his love proclaim;
Let all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

141 IV. 4.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 69.

WE gather, we gather, dear Jesus, to bring
The breathings of love 'mid the blossoms of spring:
Our Maker! Redeemer! we gratefully raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise.

2 When stooping to earth from the brightness of heaven,
Thy blood for our ransom so freely was given,
Thou deignedst to listen while children adored
With joyful Hosannas, the bless'd of the Lord.

3 Those arms, which embraced little children of old,
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold;
That grace which inviteth the wandering home,
Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.

4 Hosanna! Hosanna! Great Teacher! we raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning thy praise
For precept and promise so graciously given,—
For blessings of earth, and glories of heaven.

142 III. 3. 8s. & 7s.

Music, "Who shall sing," etc., *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 107.

WHO should sing with loudest voices
O'er the infant Saviour's birth?
Who like children should be telling
How He came from heaven to earth!
Was it not the Lord of Glory
Who for them a babe became?
May they not be raised to heaven
Through his sufferings and shame?

2 Teach us therefore to adore Thee
In a hymn of grateful praise;
For if angels sing before Thee,
We a sweeter song should raise.
We alone can ask in singing,
Did not Jesus die for me?
We should be the first in bringing
Hearts of grateful love to Thee.

3 We will tell in strains of gladness
How the Saviour came to earth,
And will have no thoughts of sadness
On this morning of his birth.

We will join the angel chorus,
As it rolls along the sky,—
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God, most high.

143 6s & 5s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 172; *Sabbath Songs*, p. 8.

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer;
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

CHORUS. — Saviour, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.

2 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

ORUS.—Saviour, blessed Saviour, etc.

3 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul
Earthly toils forgetting
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels, sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to our King.

CHORUS. — Saviour, blessed Saviour, etc.

144 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music, "Shall we gather at the river," *Happy Voices*, p. 220; *Silver Spray*, p. 26.

SHALL we suffer clouds and darkness
To bedim our spirit's sight?
Shall our path be in the shadow
When it might be in the light?

CHORUS. — Let us walk in gladness rather,
For the glorious, glorious Saviour
Bids us sing and praise Him ever,
As we're marching home to God.

2 We will still rejoice in Jesus,
Let whate'er may betide;
Of his love we will be singing,
Who unseen is by our side.
CHORUS. — Let us walk, etc.

3 In each pathway He will guide us,
All our burdens He will bear,
In each danger He will hide us,
And He cares for all our care.
CHORUS. — Let us walk, etc.

4 I will learn to love Him early,
Who for me a child became;
And I'll bring my prayers and praises
Unto God in his dear name.
CHORUS. — Let us walk etc.

145 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music, "Anchor," *S. S. Bell*, p. 21.

IN life's opening scenes of gladness,
Ere by grief its depths are stirred;
In its darkening hours of sadness,
Sing we ever to the Lord!

CHORUS.

We'll praise his name with heart and tongue,
We'll praise in all we do;
We'll praise Him in our sweetest songs,
And in our silence too.

2 To that name your praise be bringing,
In your every act and word,
And within your hearts be singing
Hallelujahs to the Lord.
CHORUS. — We'll praise his name, etc.

MORNING.

146 Peculiar.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 115.

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awakening cries
May Jesus Christ be praised.
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

EVENING.

147 L. M.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 110, or p. 114.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O, when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to Thee, eternal King!

7 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

148 L. M.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 114.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store.
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

149 III. 3.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 115.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and woe we come confessing;
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah. Amen.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows near us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
Hallelujah. Amen.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Hallelujah. Amen.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.
Hallelujah. Amen.

150 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 112.

NOW as the day is ending,
With all its toil and care,
My heart, to heaven ascending,
Shall offer praise and prayer.
The Lord is ever mindful
Of those who seek his face;
And children weak and sinful
May feel his saving grace.

2 For all my sin and folly,
This day from morn to even;
I pray the Lord Most Holy,
That I may be forgiven.
His saving death, most precious,
As I recall to mind,
Assures me He is gracious,
And pitiful, and kind.

3 While I, my sins confessing,
Implore his pardoning love,
I'll praise Him for each blessing
Descending from above;
Then lay me down reposing,
Secure from harm and fears,
Sweet sleep mine eyelids closing,
Till morning light appears.

151 II. 5.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 12.

ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

152 III. 3.

Music in Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 59; *Parish Hymnal*, p. 122, or 114.

GOD has said, "Forever blessèd
Those who seek me in their youth —
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth:"
Guide us, Saviour, guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness,
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side:

Nought can harm us, nought can harm us,
While we thus in Thee abide.

3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky, —
Gently passing, gently passing
To that brighter world on high.

153 III. 5. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 118.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us:
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus!
Hear young children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free.
Blessed Jesus!
Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosom fill.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

154 III. 5. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 122; Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 58.

WHEN of old the Jewish mothers
Brought their little babes to Thee,
To thy stern Apostles chiding,
Thou didst answer tenderly,
Gentle Jesus,
"Suffer them to come to me."

2 Born again, and made thy members,
Little Christian children, we
Press around to share thy blessing,
Plead thy mercy, full and free;
Gentle Jesus,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

3 By thy sign upon our forehead
When thy people bowed the knee;
By the name above us spoken,
Of the wondrous Trinity;
Gentle Jesus,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

4 By each prayer, and by each promise,
When our hearts are full of glee;
When our little sorrows vex us,
Thine in all things we would be.
Gentle Jesus,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

155 L. M.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 116.

THY Cross, O Lord, the holy sign
That we, thereafter, should be thine,
Was traced upon our infant brow;
And shall we fear to own it now?

2 O God, forbid: before the vain,
The proud, the scoffing, the profane,
We will, through grace, our Lord confess,
His faint, but faithful witnesses.

3 His strength in weakness He displays,
From youthful lips He perfects praise,
And we, his little soldiers, stand
Strong in the might of his right hand.

4 Smile on us, Lord, and we will fear
Nor scorn, nor shame, whilst Thou art near;
Reproach is glory, suffering rest,
If borne for Thee, if by Thee blest!

5 Great Judge of all, in that dread day,
When heaven and earth shall flee away,
Before the universe confess
Thy faint, but faithful witnesses.

156 C. M.

Music in Hollister's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 114; *Parish Hymnal*, p. 121.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows,
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

157 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 117.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty:
Hold me with thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountains,
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
Be the Lord my righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

158 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 88, or p. 149; *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 87.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head.

2 O happy if ye labor
As Jesus did for men:
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,

5 What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

159 III. 1. 7s double.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 43, or p. 61; Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 118.

LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest,
There with welcome Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,—
Let the little travellers in!

2 Who are these whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They have ever kept in view?
"I, from Greenland's frozen land;
I, from India's sultry plain;
I, from Afric's burning sand;
I, from the islands of the main.

3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky."
Each the welcome "Come!" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,—
Let the little travellers in!

160 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 124.

BOYS.

WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?

GIRLS.

We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command.

ALL.

Over hills, and plains, and valleys,
We are going to his palace,
We are going to his palace,
Going to the better land.

BOYS.

2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You, a little feeble band?

GIRLS.

No; for friends unseen are near us;
Holy angels round us stand.

ALL.

Christ, our Leader, walks beside us;
He will guard and He will guide us,
He will guard and He will guide us,
Guide us to that better land.

BOYS.

3 Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for,
In that far-off, better land?

GIRLS.

Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From a Saviour's loving hand.

ALL.

We shall drink of life's clear river;
We shall dwell with God forever,
We shall dwell with God forever,
In that bright, that better land.

BOYS.

Pilgrims, may we travel with you,
To that bright and better land?

GIRLS.

Come, and welcome, come, and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.

ALL.

Come, O come, and do not leave us;
Christ is waiting to receive us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.

161 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 114.

GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee:
Gathered with thine arms, and carried
In thy bosom may we be;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From thy fold to go astray;
By thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly
In the stream thy love supplied,
Mingled stream of blood and water,
Flowing from thy wounded side;
And to heavenly pastures lead us
Where thine own still waters glide.

4 Let thy holy Word instruct us;
Fill our minds with heavenly light;
Let thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right,
Take thine easy yoke and wear it,
And to prove thy burden light.

5 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeignéd
May we our thank-offerings bring;
Then, with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise our Lord and King.

162 Peculiar.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 130.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above:
Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, Come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

2 Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear;
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome:
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone,
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

163 III. 1. 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 51; Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 118; *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 96.

OUT of Egypt through the sea,
Led by God's Almighty hand, —
Little Israelites are we,
Travelling to the promised land!

2 Weary, thirsty, as we go,
See the rock in Kadesh stand;
Whence the sparkling waters flow
Onward to the promised land.

3 Moab's spears and Midian's swords
Gather round our little band —
Who shall harm us? we're the Lord's!
Bound to reach his promised land.

4 Lo! the flood divides once more!
Jordan parts on either hand!
Angels crowd the blessed shore —
Welcome to the promised land!

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be.

164 S. M.

Music in Hollister's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 130.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his Eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God; —

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

165 C. M.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 82. (Second tune.)

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

3 The martyr first whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky
And called on Him to save.

4 Like Him with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

5 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame.

6 They met the tyrants' brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

7 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

8 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

166 III 1. 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p 51; Goodrich's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 118.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

4 Onward, then, to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove!
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

5 Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise:
Holy Jesus, praise to Thee
With the Spirit ever be.

167 6s & 5s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 172; *Sabbath Songs*, p. 8.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.

CHORUS. — Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph,
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise
CHORUS. — Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we, —
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.
CHORUS. — Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail,
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
CHORUS. — Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song —
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King.
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
CHORUS. — Onward, etc.

168 6s & 5s.

Music in *Sabbath Songs*, p. 10; *Parish Hymnal*, p. 176.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er a desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And, with hearts united,
Take our heavenward way.

CHORUS.—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

2 Hail! sweet Jesus, Master,
Round thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See thy children meet.
Long, alas! we've left Thee,
Straying far away;
Now once more we'll enter
On the narrow way.
CHORUS.— Brightly gleams, etc.

3 All our days direct us, —
Make us meek and mild,
By thy childhood's pattern, —
Mary's Holy Child.
Bid thine angels shield us,
When the storm clouds lower,
Pardon Thou — protect us
At death's solemn hour.
CHORUS. — Brightly gleams, etc.

4 Jesus, saints and angels
With thy Church combine,
Offering prayers and praises
At thy glorious shrine:
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in his beauty, —
Songs that never cease.
CHORUS. — Brightly gleams, etc.

169 Peculiar.

Music in *Golden Censer*, p. 88; *Silver Spray*, p. 59.

OWE are volunteers in the army of the Lord,
Forming into line at our Captain's word;
We are under marching orders to take the battle-field,
And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight, till the foe shall yield.

CHORUS. — Come and join the army, the army of the Lord,
Jesus is our Captain, we rally at his word;
Sharp will be the conflict with the powers of sin,
But with such a Leader we are sure to win.

2 The glory of our flag is the emblem of the dove,
Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;
We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain,
'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.

CHORUS. — Come and join the army, etc.

3 Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on every side, —
Envy, anger, hatred, with self and pride;
They are cruel, fierce, and strong, ever ready to attack;
We must watch, and fight, and pray, if we'd drive them back.

CHORUS. — Come and join the army, etc.

4 O, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword,
Glorious is the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord;
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore,
And his people shall be blessed for evermore.

CHORUS. — Come and join the army, etc.

170 Peculiar.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 174.

WE march, we march to victory!
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is his salvation,
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword — The Incarnation.

CHORUS. — We march, we march, etc.

3 We tread in the might of the Lord of hosts,
And we fear not man nor devil;
For our Captain himself guards well our coasts,
To defend his Church from evil.

CHORUS. — We march, we march, etc.

4 He marches in front of his banner unfurled,
Which He raised that his own might find Him;
And the Holy Church throughout all the world
Falls into rank behind Him.

CHORUS. — We march, we march, etc.

5 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the Golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.

CHORUS. — We march, we march, etc.

6 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With his eye of love looking down from above,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.

CHORUS. — We march, we march, etc.

171 C. M.

Music in *S. S. Hosanna*, p. 50.

WE must not live as if this earth
Were our abiding home;
Or lose in scenes of noisy mirth
Thoughts of the life to come.

CHORUS. — O! life is in earnest
In the work it brings to do;
Our calling to pursue,
To walk each day by faith in Christ,
And all his will to do.

2 Wherever we are called to go,
Whatever we may be;
Teach us the blessedness to know
Of living, Lord, to Thee.

CHORUS. — O! life is in earnest, etc.

3 We would not enter heaven alone,
But gather to thy side
The souls of those who know Thee not,
For whom the Saviour died.

CHORUS. — O! life is in earnest, etc.

172 IV. 4.

Music, "Marching Along," *S. S. Hosanna*, p. 162.

THE Saviour is speaking! By night and by day
He tells us, our life here is passing away;
O let us with gladness its great ends pursue,
For if it is short, we have plenty to do.

CHORUS. — Plenty to do; we have plenty to do!
If life is short, we have plenty to do!
O! let us with gladness its great ends pursue,
For if life is short, we have plenty to do.

2 We've souls to be saved, and our neighbors to bless,
We've hearts and we've hands to assist in distress;

And while in all this we keep Jesus in view,
We shall find, if life 's short, we have plenty to do.
CHORUS. — Plenty to do, etc.

3 Then send us thy Spirit, dear Saviour, we pray,
That more like to Thee we may grow every day,
And while thy example we strive to pursue,
O give us thy strength for the work we've to do.
CHORUS. — Plenty to do, etc.

173 C. M.

Music in Hollister's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 154, or p. 65

SEE, the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls his tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams
Where living waters flow,
And guide us to the fruitful fields
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4 The feeblest lamb amid the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.

174 III. 5. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Music in *Oriola*, p. 64; *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 70.

FATHER, though thy name be holy,
High and lifted up thy throne,
Still, thou stoopest to the lowly
And wilt such with favor own.
Heavenly Father,
Let us worship Thee alone.

2 Very glorious is thy dwelling,
Where the angels veil their face,
And by day and night are telling
Of the wonders of thy grace.
Heavenly Father,
May I find in it a place!

3 Heaven itself cannot contain Thee,
Bright and glorious as Thou art;
Yet a little child may claim Thee
As a dweller in his heart.
Heavenly Father,
Let me not from Thee depart!

4 With thy gracious presence cheer me,
Keep me in thy perfect love;
All my journey be Thou near me,
Bring me to thy home above.
Heavenly Father,
May I all thy fulness prove!

175 Peculiar.

Music in *S. S. Bell*, p. 64.

OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound;
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each He bestowed,
We're homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound;
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel;
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale;
O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail!
We're homeward bound.

3 We'll tell the world, as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number, O, come and be blest,
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heaven we glide,
We're home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

176 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 94.

WE are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time;
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime!
Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray!
Hark! what soundeth? Is creation
Groaning for its latter day?

2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally,
With your music and your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
His own arm hath need of thine.
Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up! O, up! thou drowsy soldier;
Worlds are charging to the shock.

3 Worlds are charging, Heaven beholding,
Thou hast but an hour to fight—

Now the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward for the right!
O! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God!

177 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 120, or p. 88.

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
How can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

178 III. 2.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 133, or p. 90; *Parish Hymnal*, p. 41.

WORDS are things of little cost,
Quickly spoken, quickly lost;
We forget them, but they stand
Witnesses at God's right hand,
And their testimony bear
For us or against us there.

2 O, how often ours have been
Idle words and words of sin!
Words of anger, scorn, or pride,
Or deceit, our faults to hide,
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch, and grace to pray:
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of Thee;
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Songs of everlasting praise.

179 C. M.

Music *in Sabbath Songs*, p. 72.

SPEAK gently: it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently, let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

2 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.
Speak gently to the erring ones,
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
O! win them back again.

3 Speak gently: 'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.
Then gently speak; 'tis better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently, let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

180 Peculiar.

Music in *S. S. Bell*, p. 24.

KIND words can never die:
Heaven gave them birth;
Winged with a smile, they fly
All o'er the earth.
Kind words the angels brought,
Kind words our Saviour taught, —
Sweet melodies of thought!
Who knows their worth?
Kind words can never die, etc.

2 Kind words can never die:
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie
Stored in the breast.
Like childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Go through all years and climes,
The heart to cheer.
Kind words can never die, etc.

3 Kind deeds can never die:
Though weak and small,
From his bright throne on high
God sees them all;
He doth reward with love
All those who faithful prove;
Round them, where'er they move,
Rich blessings fall.
Kind deeds can never die, etc.

181 7s & 6s.

Music in *Bright Jewels*, p. 137.

JESUS lead my heart to Thee;
Help my weak endeavor
Still thy faithful child to be;
Loving Saviour, dwell with me,
Make me thine forever.

2 Let me plead thy promise sweet;
"They who seek shall find me;"
Nearer to thy mercy-seat,
Nearer to thy sacred feet,
Let thy goodness bind me.

3 I would love Thee every day,
I would grieve Thee never;
Saviour, teach me how to pray,
Keep me in the narrow way,
Make me thine forever.

4 Hast Thou borne the cross for me?
Then, without repining,
Let me bear it now for Thee;
Cheerful, Lord, whate'er it be,
All to Thee resigning.

ETERNITY.

182 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 68.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O! I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit ever blest.

183 II. 6. 7s & 6s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 68; *Parish Hymnal*, p. 156.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy:
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small;
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thy ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced:
Thy saints build up its fabric,
The Corner-stone is Christ.

4 The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!

184 C. M.

Music in *Golden Chain*, p. 92; *Happy Voices*, p. 157; *Parish Hymnal*, p 157

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And all I love in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

4 Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labors have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

5 O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare
For that bright home of love;
That I may see Thee and adore
With all thy saints above.

85 Peculiar.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 35.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour-King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away.
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye.
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

86 III. 3. 8s & 7s.

Music in *Sabbath Songs*, p. 81; *Oriola*, p. 46.

HARK! the sound of holy voices
Chanting, at the crystal sea,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee:
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

3 Marching with thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour, and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

5 God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of light, Emmanuel,
In whose body joined together
All the saints forever dwell,
Pour upon us of thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

187 8s & 6s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 158.

O HEAVENLY Jerusalem,
Eternal are thy halls,
And blessed are the chosen ones
That dwell within thy walls.
Thou art the golden home of peace,
Where saints forever sing,
The seat of God's own heritage,
The palace of our King.

2 There God the Lord forever reigns,
Himself of all the crown,
The Lamb, the Light, that shineth clear,
And never goeth down;
Nought to this seat can e'er approach
To break the saints' sweet rest;
They praise their God for evermore,
Nor day nor night they rest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

188 6s & 4s.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 185.

MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee —
Land of the noble free —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

189 III. 2. 7s.

Music in Hollister's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 98; *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 75.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to day, —
Day of all the week the best:
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciléd face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 As we meet, thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear:
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

190 7s & 6s.

Music, "Home, sweet home."

MINE is the greatest blessing
That can to earth belong,
A home where love is reigning.
Be this my happy song —
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
O Holy Spirit, make me
A happy child at home.

2 But if my home be dreary,
Be this ambition mine —
Within that poor dark dwelling
A star of peace to shine.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
O Holy Spirit, make me
A happy child at home.

3 What are earth's homes, the fairest,
But shadows faint and dim
Of that bright home which Jesus
Secures to us with Him?
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
O Holy Spirit, give us
Glad thoughts of going home;

4 That when at last the shadows
Of death around us cling,
We may look up rejoicing,
And still more gladly sing —
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Heavenly Father, take us,
Thy happy children home.

EASTER.

191 Peculiar.

Music in *S. S. Chant and Tune Book*, p. 162.

LET the merry church-bells ring,
Hence with tears and sighing;
Frost and cold are fled with Spring,
Life hath conquered dying;
Flowers are smiling, fields are gay,
Sunny is the weather;
With our rising Lord to-day,
All things rise together.

CHORUS. — Let the merry church-bells ring,
Ring, ring, ring!
Let the merry church-bells ring,
Ring, ring, ring!

2 Let the thought of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth;
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it;
Since the very grave can say,
Christus resurrexit.
CHORUS. — Let the merry, etc.

192 C. M.

Music in Hollister's *Service and Tune Book*, p. 108.

SALVATION! O, the joyful sound,
Glad tidings to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

CHORUS. — Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb forever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;

But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.
CHORUS. — Glory, honor, etc.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
CHORUS: — Glory, honor, etc,

4 Salvation! O, Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs;
Our hearts shall kindle at thy name,
Thy name inspire our songs!
CHORUS. — Glory, honor, etc.

193 III. 1. 7s.

Music in *Parish Hymnal*, p. 90.

HARK, the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furled;
Sheathed His sword; He speaks, 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;

Then the end; beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

GLORIA PATRI.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twere, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

II. 6.

Eternal praise be given,
And songs of highest worth,
By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth,
To God, supreme confessed,
To Christ, his only Son,
And to the Spirit blessed,
Eternal Three in One.

III. 1.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now, and evermore shall be!

III. 3.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

III. 5.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

PC 120

MUSIC FOR HYMNS 56 & 102.

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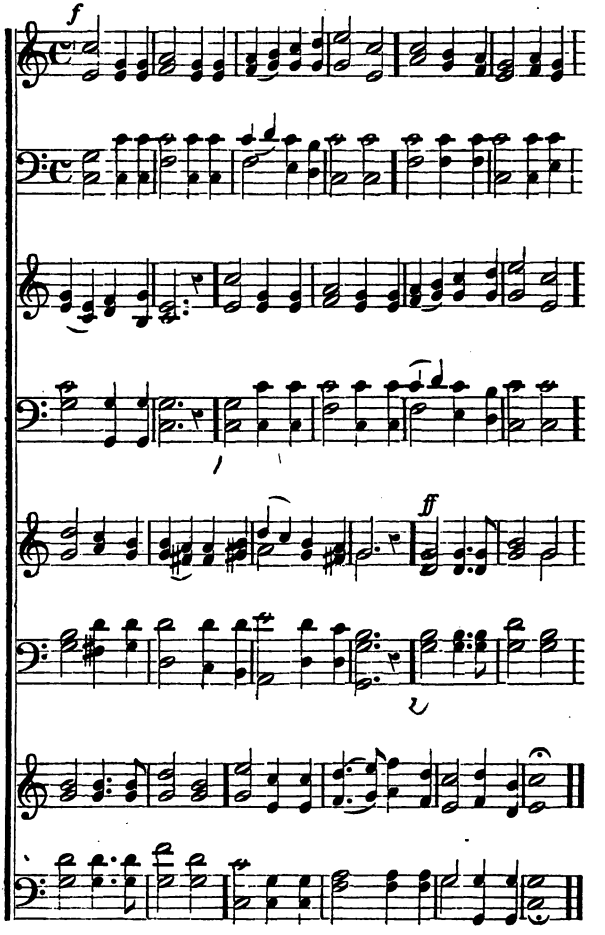
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